

The Bethel News.

VOLUME V.—NUMBER 33.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1900.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

DIRECTORY.

We are pleased to publish the following directory for the benefit of our citizens and visitors, and to insure correctness the News should be promptly notified when changes occur.

TOWN OFFICERS.

SELECTMEN.—S. B. Twitchell, C. E. Barker, West, F. J. Russell, Clerk, L. T. Barker; Treasurer, W. W. Hastings; Superintendent of Schools, E. C. Bowler; School Committee, Miss Jane Gibson, C. E. Valentine, Z. W. Bartlett, East; Town Agent, A. E. Herrick; Collector, H. H. Bean; Auditor, Calvin Bisbee.

MAIL SERVICE.

MAILS CLOSE.
Going East, 10:30 a. m.; 3:15 p. m.
Closed mail for Portland and Boston, 8 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.
From East, 8:40 a. m.; 4:50 p. m.
From West, 9:15 a. m.; 3:45 p. m.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, Main street, Rev. W. B. Eldridge, Pastor. Sunday—Prayer meeting, 10 a. m.; Preaching service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Junior League, 3 p. m.; Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.; Prayer meeting, 7 p. m. Tuesday—Class meeting, 7:30 p. m. Friday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST, Church street, Rev. F. E. Barton, Pastor. Sunday—Prayer service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. C. U., 7 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL, Church street, Rev. Arthur Varley, Pastor. Sunday—Prayer service, 10:45 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Y. P. C. U., 7 p. m. Tuesday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

UNITED CHURCH, West Bethel, supplied by Rev. Arthur Varley and Rev. F. E. Barton. Sunday—Prayer, 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 3:30 p. m.

BAPTIST, Middle Intervale and East Bethel, supplied by W. H. T. Book. Sunday—Prayer service, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m. East Bethel—Prayer service, 2:30 p. m. Wednesday—Prayer meeting, 7:30 p. m.

LIBRARY.

Public Library, Broad street. Open Wednesday, from 6 to 8 p. m.; Saturday, 4 to 8 p. m. Over 2000 volumes. Mrs. G. R. Wiley, President; Annie Frye, Secretary; Mrs. O. M. Mason, Treasurer; Mrs. L. T. Barker, Librarian.

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., N. E. Richardson, W. M.; W. E. Abbott, S. W.; H. C. Rowe, J. W. M. W. Chandler, Treas.; D. G. Lovejoy, Sec. Meets second Thursday of each month.

MR. AMMAN LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 31, J. W. Smith, N. G.; A. C. Frost, V. G.; Chas. Mason, Rec. Sec.; C. O. Bryant, F. S.; S. I. French, Treas. Meets Saturday evenings.

SUNSHINE LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 64—Mrs. Della Smith, N. G.; Miss Martha Gibson, V. G.; Miss Jane Gibson, R. S.; Mrs. W. D. Hastings, F. S.; Mrs. G. A. Burbank, Treas. Meets first and third Monday of each month.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 27, J. O. U. A. M.—F. J. Tyler, C.; S. A. Gibson, R. S.; John Yates, F. S.; Harry Jordan, Treas. Meets the second and fourth Tuesday in each month.

BROWN POST, No. 81, G. A. R.—Mrs. Jordan, P. C.; A. M. True, Adj. Meets the first and third Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m.

BROWN POST, W. R. C., No. 36—Mrs. Ira C. Jordan, Pres.; Mrs. C. S. Little, Sec.; Miss E. E. Burnham, Treas. Meets the first and third Tuesday of each month.

BETHEL W. C. T. U.—Mrs. O. M. Mason, Pres.; Mrs. Arthur Varley, Vice Pres.; Mrs. F. S. Chandler, Sec.; Mrs. L. T. Barker, Treas. Meets Tuesday, once in two weeks.

CORPORATIONS.

Bethel Savings Bank—S. B. Twitchell, Pres.; A. E. Herrick, Treas.

Bethel Chair Co.—J. H. Barrows, Pres. E. L. Tobbetts, Treas.

Bethel Water Co.—Enoch Foster, Pres. A. E. Herrick, Treas.

Bethel Dairying Co.—W. E. Abbott, Manager.

Riverside Park Association—C. M. Wormell, Pres.; E. C. Rowe, Treas.

SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

Ladies' Club, Congregational.—Pres. Mrs. A. E. Herrick; Vice Pres. Mrs. Gilbert Tuell; Sec. Miss Mary True; Treas. Mrs. F. B. Tuell. Meets Thursday afternoon.

Ladies' Circle, Universalist.—Mrs. L. A. Pratt, Pres.; Mrs. G. R. Wiley, Vice Pres.; Mrs. L. B. Hopkins, Sec.; Mrs. E. C. Rowe, Treas. Meets Wednesday afternoon.

Literary Society, Methodist.—Mrs. W. D. Hastings, Pres.; Mrs. Calvin Bisbee, Vice Pres.; Mrs. Wilfred Bowler, Sec. Miss Addie Gordon, Treas.

Ladies' Circle, Methodist.—Mrs. John Swan, Pres.; Miss Minnie Capen, Sec.; Mrs. Ira Jordan, Treas.

Columbian Club.—Mrs. A. E. Herrick, Pres.; Miss Annie M. Frye, Sec. Mrs. T. F. Hastings, Treas.

UNITED ORDER OF GOLDEN CROSS No. 484—N. C. J. H. Barrows, W. T. Calvin Bisbee, F. K. of R. S. W. Grover; K. of R. F. W. Bisbee.

The LOCAL NEWS.

Items of Interest Picked Up About Town by the News Man.

Wilfred Bowler was in Lewiston Tuesday.

W. F. Swan of East Bethel was in the village Monday.

E. C. Park attended probate court in Auburn yesterday.

Miss Bertha Wiley returned to Colby University last Saturday.

Miss Rose Kimball of East Bethel was in our village Monday.

The Literary Society meets this afternoon with Mrs. H. C. Andrews.

Miss Joan Stearns returned to Boston last Saturday to resume her course in music.

H. A. Edwards of Caribou was in town over Sunday visiting his father, Col. C. S. Edwards.

Fred Merrill, George Farnsworth and Robert Bisbee returned to Bowdoin college Monday.

Mrs. W. O. Straw of Ubat, Mont., arrived in Bethel last Saturday and is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. S. Hastings.

"Rob Peter to pay Paul." That is what they do who take stimulants for weak nerves. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives true nerve strength.

Mr. A. H. Mason has had his herd of eight cows tested by Dr. Fernald, and all were found absolutely free from disease. Dr. Fernald pronounces the herd an extra fine one.

Mrs. O. M. Mason left her home Monday for the winter. She will visit her daughter, Alice G. Mason in Berlin, her father in Vernon, Vt., later friends in Washington, D. C., and will return home in April.

Geo. C. Spinney of Newry has snared 36 foxes since the opening of the season last fall. The fur brings a good price. Mr. Spinney has had years of experience and is most successful in catching sly Reynard.

Rev. Mr. Harbutt, secretary of the Maine Missionary Society of Congregational churches, and Rev. Mr. Rand of the Oxford County Conference were in Bethel over Sunday and attended the union services held at the Congregational church.

Miss Eleanor Edwards of Brooklyn, N. Y., assisted by a worker will commence her series of special services at the Locke Mills church, on Wednesday evening of this week, holding services every night, assisted by the pastor, W. B. Eldridge.

Rev. A. S. Ladd, D. D., will hold his fourth quarterly conference at the M. E. church next Saturday at 7:30 p. m. Will all the officers of the church please be present to report this work. Dr. Ladd will occupy the pulpit Sunday morning at Locke Mills at 2:30 p. m.

Miss Evelyn Curtis, formerly of Freeport, who died in Bethel, on Dec. 22nd, after a long and painful illness, was born in Freeport a little more than 74 years ago. She was the daughter of Nathaniel and Mary (Davis) Curtis. Her father was a prominent man in his day in the community and in the church. Miss Curtis was for many years an efficient and popular teacher in our public schools. She was a woman of intelligence, thoughtfulness and social kindness and to be her friend was to realize the best meaning of friendship. The funeral services were held at Bethel, and the burial was at Freeport, Monday. A sister, Miss Emma Curtis, with whom she has lived for many years, is the only surviving member of the family. The Misses Curtis were milliners in Bethel many years ago. Miss Emma Curtis laid her only sister to rest in Woodlawn cemetery, and after remaining here two days with her cousin, Mrs. Charles Proctor of Torrey's Hill, she returned to Bethel. It is hoped Miss Curtis may, at some time, return to Freeport to make her home among her old friends.—Freeport Cor. Lewiston Journal.

Dr. Sturdivant was in Norway yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Bean were in Berlin, N. H., over Sunday.

Mr. Augustus Burbank is confined to the house by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bean have been spending a few days in Andover.

Judge E. E. Chase and Miss Ruby A. Chase are visiting Judge A. E. Herrick.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Herrick Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

The Columbian Club will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. F. E. Hauscom at 2:30 o'clock.

Rev. F. E. Rand is spending the week at Stewartstown, N. H., conducting a series of meetings.

Mr. T. B. Kendall went to Mechanic Falls Monday to spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Hawley.

Freeland Howe of Norway was in town Tuesday to attend the annual meeting of the Bethel Chair Company.

Mr. Wm. F. Kendall and family returned from the lakes Saturday where they have been spending several months.

Bowler, the photographer will close his photograph business here in town Mar. 1st. In order to work up his stock on hand, he will make pictures at reduced prices until that date. Anyone desiring fine photographs at a very low price should take advantage of this opportunity.

The regular quarterly communion was observed Sunday at the Universalist Church. Preceding the service Rev. Mr. Barton gave an able discourse upon the church as an organization, taking for the text, "The spirit and the bride say, Come." A good number joined in the service. The church has recently purchased a new communion set with individual glasses, which was first used Sunday.

Mr. L. U. Bartlett has been at his home in Bethel for the past few days where he has been confined to the house by sickness. He has now returned to his work in Byron. Mr. Bartlett and W. A. Emory have a 1,500,000 spruce contract which they took of M. L. and Y. A. Thurston. This timber is cut on lands of the International Paper Co. and is taken by train as fast as cut to Rumford Falls.

Dec. 31st, Mt. Abram Lodge No. 31, I. O. O. F., elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: A. C. Frost, Noble Grand, E. S. Kilborn, Vice Grand, Charles Mason, Rec. Secretary, C. C. Bryant, Fin. Secretary, Calvin Bisbee, G. A. Burbank, A. E. Herrick, trustees.

Lodge meeting Saturday evening. The elected officers will be installed at Odd Fellows Hall, Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, January 13th. All Odd Fellows are requested to be present.

Charles Ayre Mason, a civil engineer, a Bethel boy, a son of Chas. Mason, is engaged in locating and surveying for a railroad through the Oklahoma Territory from Weathersford to Anvil, Texas, the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf R. R. He reports a fine country for stock raising and farming; the climate is fine. He has been employed for the last year on the same road, from Little Rock, Ark. to Weathersford.

Mr. Edmund Merrill spent Sunday at his home in Bethel, but returned to Upton, Monday. Mr. Merrill has been for a number of weeks at work upon the Dutton cottage on Mettunk Island. He is now at work upon a large boat-house which is to be used in connection with the cottage, but which is located on the main land opposite the island. The boat-house is a large one, being some thirty feet long. Mr. C. S. Russell of Bethel is also at work upon the cottage where he has been for several weeks engaged in finishing the hard wood work and painting.

Dr. Twaddelle wishes to inform the public that his office and residence in the future will be at E. E. Holt's on Chapman street.

There will be an entertainment and social at Bean's Hall, on Saturday evening, Jan. 13, by the pupils and friends of the West Bethel school. Admission 10 cents.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Billings Tuesday afternoon. At the close of an instructive and interesting meeting, the hostess served light refreshments and a social season was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Merrill have the sympathy of their friends in their sad bereavement in the death of their only child, Bertie A., who died in Portland Jan. 8, after an illness of a few weeks. The funeral services were held in Portland and the burial was in Bethel.

The Epworth League has elected the following officers for the year of 1900.

President, Rev. W. B. Eldridge, 1st Vice President, Chas. H. Davis, 2nd Vice President, Mrs. Clarence Fox, 3rd Vice President, Addie M. Gordon, 4th Vice President, Olive Wheeler, Secretary, Lucy Fox, Treasurer, Fred E. Gordon.

CYDGTCHNXXWZ. Do you know what that means? No? Neither do we! It was simply to catch your attention, while we remarked that we were still selling the genuine Round Oak, Beckwith's of Dowagiac—the best heating stove on earth for any kind of fuel—and if you doubt it let us have the chance to prove it. For sale by Hastings Bros., Bethel.

Oren Hooper's Sons, the largest wholesale and retail furniture dealers east of Boston are holding their annual clearance sale which began last Monday and will continue two weeks. If any of our people need anything in the line of house furnishings, these people can certainly interest them. This firm is too well known by our people to need any further introduction. Their announcement may be found on page 5.

The "M's and M's" Party. The dancing party given by the M's and M's at Odeon Hall last Friday evening was a very pleasant affair.

The arrival of the M's and M's was as mysterious as Palmer Cox's famous Brownies, and for at least twenty-four hours their identity remained a mystery. When the doors of the hall were thrown open a few minutes before eight o'clock, for the admission of guests, ten of our village ladies were in line to receive their many friends. The prosaic, every-day hall, so familiar to every one, was soon transformed into a scene of loveliness. Pretty girls and the manly youth flitted hither and thither, while the stately matrons and men with the dignity of many years, were none the less responsive.

The room itself was tastefully arranged, verdure of the hillsides was transplanted to unaccustomed scenes, and the light from the many lamps was softened by the various colored shades, and inviting corners afforded opportunity for the social chat.

The lunch tables, which in these days of exquisite china, are one of the attractive features of all social gatherings, were spread with the snowiest of linen, and the daintiest of needle work, and vied in tempting enough for the most fastidious taste. Shortly after eight o'clock, impelled by the spirited music of the orchestra from its tower of evergreen, the grand march was formed, led by Dr. C. D. Hill and Miss Alice Billings, followed by eighty couples of happy, light-hearted dancers.

Number after number of the order of twelve dances was filled, and waltzes were not said until twelve o'clock, accompanied by the warmest expressions of pleasure and appreciation. The M's and M's with their Brownie agility disappeared, but we trust only to return again at some opportune time.

Advertisements. Letters for the following named parties may be found at the post office:

Mrs. Annie Estes, Mr. Elie Arsenault, Mr. Benj. Wadley Wilson, Mr. Nathaniel B. Hodsdon, Harry Kerr.

G. A. Social.

The truth of the old saying that "supplying one need creates another," was made manifest to the students and teachers of Gould's Academy when the recent acquisition of books to the Academy library revealed to them the need of a new bookcase.

How to raise funds was the next question—a question which was solved in a highly satisfactory manner Thursday evening, Jan. 4th. At that time the students and their friends to the number of about one hundred, assembled in the gymnasium—or as the students delight to call it, the "sky parlor"—for the enjoyment of a social evening. The teachers had full charge of the program, and a dime, deposited in the seemingly capacious hand of Mr. Johnson, was the magic talisman that caused the doors to swing open to those who desired to enter.

The students were welcomed by Mrs. Hanscom and Mrs. Johnson, after which they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the excellent program, which was carried out under the direction of Prin. Hanscom.

Two features worthy of special mention were "Keep your eyes open," and a voting contest. In the former each person was permitted to march past a table on which thirty articles had been promiscuously arranged, and then requested to make a list of what they saw. Miss Ethel Sanborn won first prize by correctly naming twenty-three articles displayed.

It was thought that one so discerning would be likely to see so many faults in all the young men of her acquaintance that she would always remain single, hence she was given a miniature tabby-cat to keep her company in her old age.

Miss Daisy Dixon presented the smallest list and was given a pair of spectacles in the hope that she might see better in the future.

As the promoters of the entertainment had not disguised the fact that it was a "money making scheme," no one was surprised when it was announced that there would be a voting contest with votes at "three cents each—two for five," for the most popular student of Gould's Academy.

Mr. Gotthard Carlson was the successful candidate, and the recipient of a ruler made from timber taken from the Old South Church, Boston, one hundred and sixty-five years old.

Thirteen dollars and fifty cents were realized, and all went home happy, agreeing that no better time had been had at Gould's Academy for many a day.

Installation of Officers. The Brown Relief Corps installed officers Thursday evening, Jan. 4th.

The following is a list: Mrs. Arvilla Morgan, President, Mrs. Clara Bartlett, Jun. Vice Pres., Mrs. Pauline Philbrook, Sen. Vice Pres., Mrs. Cyrene Littlehale, Secretary, Mrs. Elberta Burnham, Treasurer, Mrs. Pauline Pratt, Chaplain, Mrs. Grace Tyler, Conductor, Mrs. Mabel Wheeler, Guard, Mrs. Evelyn Coburn, Asst. Conductor, Miss Angie Chapman, Guard.

Miss Annie Cross deserves much praise for the very efficient manner in which she did her work as installing officer.

The Corps room was crowded. All officers to be installed were present, also the old officers, with one exception.

The past year has been good, prosperous and satisfactory to all, and may the next close with as much credit due the officers now in charge, as is due the retired ones. An application for a new member was taken, which looks encouraging for the new year.

After the business of the meeting, the Post was invited in for refreshments, consisting of sandwiches, cake and coffee, and a social hour was enjoyed by all.

This Corps has during the past year, added six new members and reinstated four. Very interesting meetings have been held the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month throughout the year.

To Cure Constipation Forever, Take Casson's Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

excepting a few weeks of postponement during the hottest of the season.

On Nov. 25th, the Corps was inspected by Mrs. Sarah Putnam, Dept. Pres. She found the Corps in good working order. There were many things which the Corps had to learn owing to the changes in the ritualistic work.

A good delegation namely; Mrs. Ira Jordan, Mrs. J. C. Billings, and Miss Angie Chapman attended the National Encampment held in Philadelphia in September.

A camp-fire, in honor of the John E. Willis Post and Corps, was held by the Brown Post and Corps at Odeon Hall, Thanksgiving, Nov. 23. A report of this has already appeared in this paper, and all will remember that it was a very pleasant occasion.

The annual picnic at Woodsum's Camp, Locke Mills, where Brown Post and Corps met Whitman Post and Corps, Bryant Pond, and had a very enjoyable time, which will be long remembered.

Another event worthy of mention, was the visit, upon invitation, of the Whitman Corps at one of the regular meetings.

Mrs. Ira Jordan, who has so faithfully and pleasingly served as president the past year has the thanks of every member of the Corps and all join in wishing Mrs. Arvilla Morgan equal success.

Communication. Bethel, N. H., Jan. 8, 1900.

EDITOR NEWS: I was much interested in a late article in the News entitled "Our Charley," and being in correspondence with the subject of the sketch I sent him a copy. He was much pleased and took it as evidence, he said, that he was not entirely forgotten in Bethel. It may be interesting to his many friends to know that he is, (to use his own words), "still alive and kicking."

After leaving Bethel in 1867, he served a term of enlistment in the regular army, was then discharged in the state of Minnesota, worked at his trade of barber a short time in Minneapolis, then as he says, thinking Minneapolis "too slow" for him, joined the far famed Haverley's Minstrels, toured with them a few years, saw much of the United States, went to San Francisco three times, to England once, finally drifting back to Minneapolis, joined the famous "Dauz's" band and orchestra in which capacity he has been for seventeen years. He is married and has six children, owns two houses in Minneapolis, and is comfortably well "fixed." He would like very much to come east and visit the scenes of his childhood, but says it is almost impossible for him to get anyone to take his place in the band, and that with the loss of time and expense makes it doubtful if he comes at present.

His propensity for performing tricks is still as great as ever, and while with Haverley's troupe they nicknamed him "Tricks." I well remember the first musical instrument he ever had, an old fife which Col. Edwards gave him. It looked as though it had been through the wars, but Charlie was equal to the occasion and mastered it in short order, and there are now but few musical instruments of any kind but what he is proficient in.

At the breaking out of the civil war what an array of musical talent Bethel developed of the "Martial" sort. There was "Charley," and "Uncle Ed," "Bill C.," "Bill F.," "Newt," "Fred," "Perley," "Rube," "Lint" and "Joe." They were "great on noise" if not on music, and could make the ears if not the patriotic blood tingle. Oh, those were great old days in old Bethel surely. What an attraction that crowd would be on the proposed "Old Home week in Maine," which was so successfully inaugurated in our state last year, but alas! most of them are beyond the sound of the call of "assembly." And then there were the Zouaves, Home Guard and the Musicianers, and as to the Merits and Demerits of which—well there! ask "CHIT."

Respectfully, J. T. CHAPMAN.

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By CHARLES M. SHELDON.

(Copyrighted and published in book form by the Advance Publishing Co. of Chicago.)

Felicia wanted to visit the settlement and went back with the bishop. She was amazed at the results of what considerable money and a good deal of consecrated brains had done. As they walked through the building they talked incessantly. Felicia was the incarnation of vital enthusiasm. Even the bishop wondered at the exhibition of it as it bubbled up and sparkled over.

They went down into the basement, and the bishop pushed open the door, from behind which came the sound of a carpenter's plane. It was a small but well equipped carpenter's shop. A young man with a paper cap on his head and clad in blouse and overalls was whistling and driving the plane as he whistled. He looked up as the bishop and Felicia entered and took off his cap. As he did so his little finger carried a small curling shaving up to his hair, and it caught there.

"Miss Sterling, Mr. Stephen Clyde," said the bishop, "Clyde is one of our helpers here two afternoons in the week."

Just then the bishop was called up stairs, and he excused himself for a moment, leaving Felicia and the young carpenter together.

"We have met before," said Felicia, looking at Clyde frankly.

"Yes, back in the world," as the bishop says, replied the young man, and his fingers trembled a little as they lay on the board he had been planing.

"Yes," Felicia hesitated, "I am very glad to see you."

"Are you?" The flush of pleasure mounted to the young carpenter's forehead. "You have had a great deal of trouble since—then?" he said, and then he was afraid he had wounded her or called up painful memories, but Felicia had lived over all that.

"Yes, and you also. How is it you are working here?"

"It is a long story, Miss Sterling. My father lost his money, and I was obliged to go to work, a very good thing for me. The bishop says I ought to be grateful. I am. I am very happy now. I learned the trade hoping some time to be of use. I am night clerk at one of the hotels. That Sunday morning when you took the pledge at Nazareth Avenue church I took it with the others."

"Did you?" said Felicia slowly. "I am glad."

Just then the bishop came back, and very soon he and Felicia went away, leaving the young carpenter at his work. Some one noticed that he whistled louder than ever as he planned.

"Felicia," said the bishop, "did you know Stephen Clyde before?"

"Yes, back in the world," dear bishop. He was one of my acquaintances in Nazareth Avenue church."

"Ah!" said the bishop.

"We were very good friends," added Felicia.

"But nothing more?" the bishop ventured to ask.

Felicia's face glowed for an instant. Then she looked at the bishop in the eyes frankly and answered:

"Truly and truly, nothing more."

"It would be just the way of the world for these two people to come to know each other, though," thought the bishop to himself.

The man's hair was coal black, except one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white.

The minute the bishop saw that he started. The memory of 15 years ago began to stir in him. The man helped him.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '82 a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes; I begin to recall now," murmured the bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job and how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely. "Then he struck his hand against the fence with such sudden passion that he drew blood."

"Kept it! I was drunk inside of a week. I've been drinking ever since, but I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house and after breakfast, you had prayers and asked me to come in and sit with the rest? That got me. But my mother used to pray. I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her while she was kneeling; there by me, but I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you did not seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough looking and more than half drunk when I rang your doorbell. My God, what a life I've lived! The saloon has housed me and homed me and made hell on earth for me. But that prayer stuck to me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken in a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you found for me and landed in a police station two days afterward, but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it, and I won't do any harm to you nor let any one else. So you're free to go. That's why."

The bishop did not stir. Somewhere a church clock struck 1. The man had

prayed on his hat and gone back to his seat on the stone. The bishop was thinking hard.

"How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up answered for the first time.

"None, six months since either of us did anything to tell of, unless you count holding up work. I call it pretty wearing kind of a job myself, especially when we put in a night like this one and don't make nothing."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both of you. Would you quit this and begin all over?"

"What's the use?" The man on the stone spoke sullenly. "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper. The devil's begun to foreclose on me already. It's too late."

"No!" said the bishop, and never before the most entranced audience had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly. All the time he sat there during the remarkable scene he prayed: "O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for thee! I am hungry for them! Give them to me!"

"No!" the bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men? It doesn't so much matter what I want, but he wants just what I do in this case. You two men are of infinite value to him."

And then the bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid in an appeal such as no one else on earth among men could make under such circumstances. He had remembered the man's name in spite of the wonderfully busy years that lay between his coming to the house and the present moment.

"Burns," he said, and he yearned over the men with an unspeakable longing for them both, "if you and your friend here will go home with me tonight I will find you both places of honorable employment. I will believe in you and trust you. You are both comparatively young men. Why should God lose you? It is a great thing to win the love of the great Father. It is a small thing that I should love you, but if you need to feel again that there is love in the world you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and in the name of him who was crucified for our sins I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the human life. Can't he men! Make another try for it. God helping you. No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this tonight. He has forgiven it. The minute you ask him to you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together, you two and I. It's worth fighting for. Everlasting life is his. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God, give me the souls of these two men!"

The bishop broke into a prayer to God that was a continuation of his appeal to the men. His pent up feeling had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing. Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the power of the bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first, but as the prayer went on he was moved by it. What force of the Holy Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life nothing but the eternal records of the recording angel can ever disclose, but that same supernatural presence that snote Paul on the road to Damascus and poured through Henry Maxwell's church the morning he asked disciples to follow in Jesus' steps and had again broken irresistibly over the Nazareth Avenue congregation now manifested himself in this foul corner of the mighty city and over the natures of these two sinful, smitten men, apparently lost to all the pleadings of conscience and memory of God. The bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication, and they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

The bishop ceased, and at first he himself did not realize what had happened. Neither did the two men. Burns still sat with his head bowed between his hands. The man leaning against the fence looked at the bishop with a face in which new emotions of awe, repentance, astonishment and a broken gleam of joy struggled for expression.

The bishop rose.

"Come, my brothers! God is good. You shall stay at the settlement tonight, and I will make good my promise as to the work."

The two men followed the bishop in silence. When they reached the settlement, it was after 3 o'clock. The bishop let them in and led them to a room. At the door he paused a moment. His tall, commanding figure stood in the doorway, and his pale face, worn with his recent experiences, was illumined with the divine glory.

"God bless you, my brothers!" he said, and, leaving them his benediction, he went away.

In the morning he almost dreaded to face the men, but the impression of the night had not worn away. True to his promise, the bishop secured work for them. The janitor at the settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there. So Burns was given for a firm of warehouse dray manufacturers not far from the settlement.

And the Holy Spirit, struggling in these two darkened, sinful men, began his marvelous work of regeneration.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant janitor and he was cleaning off the front steps of the settlement when he passed a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing he noticed was a tree sign just across the alley. He could at most touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street immediately opposite were two large saloons, and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest saloon opened, and a man came out. At

prayer opening in the force, the footstep passed.

"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol.

"No; the chain is caught somewhere!" And the other man swore again.

"Break it, then!"

"No; don't break it," the bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken. "The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."

At the sound of the bishop's voice the man with the pistol started as if he had been suddenly shot by his own weapon. With a quick movement of his other hand he turned the bishop's head toward what little light was shining from the alleyway, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone. We've got the money. That's enough."

"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon?"

Before the man with the stake could say another word he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the bishop's head toward his own.

"Leave that watch be and put back the money too. This is the bishop we've held up—the bishop! Do you hear?"

"And what of it? The president of the United States wouldn't be too good to hold up if!"

"I say, you put the money back, or in five minutes I'll blow a hole through your head that'll let in more sense than you have to spare now," said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate at this strange turn in events, as if measuring his companion's intention. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the bishop's pocket.

"You can take your hands down, sir." The man with the weapon lowered it slowly, still keeping an eye on the other man and speaking with rough respect. The bishop looked earnestly at the two men. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish features. He was evidently free to go his way now, but he stood there, making no movement.

"You can go on. You needn't stay any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone. The other man stood viciously digging his stake into the ground.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the bishop. He sat down on a board that projected from the broken fence.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other.

"We're on the road to hell, though; that's sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help!" The bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone stared at the bishop through the darkness. After a moment of silence he spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had at first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the bishop. "The light is not very good, and I have really not had a good look at you."

"Do you know me now?" The man suddenly took off his hat and, getting up from the stone, walked over to the bishop until they were near enough to touch each other.

The man's hair was coal black, except one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white.

The minute the bishop saw that he started. The memory of 15 years ago began to stir in him. The man helped him.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '82 a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes; I begin to recall now," murmured the bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job and how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely. "Then he struck his hand against the fence with such sudden passion that he drew blood."

"Kept it! I was drunk inside of a week. I've been drinking ever since, but I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house and after breakfast, you had prayers and asked me to come in and sit with the rest? That got me. But my mother used to pray. I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her while she was kneeling; there by me, but I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you did not seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough looking and more than half drunk when I rang your doorbell. My God, what a life I've lived! The saloon has housed me and homed me and made hell on earth for me. But that prayer stuck to me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken in a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you found for me and landed in a police station two days afterward, but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it, and I won't do any harm to you nor let any one else. So you're free to go. That's why."

The bishop did not stir. Somewhere a church clock struck 1. The man had

prayed on his hat and gone back to his seat on the stone. The bishop was thinking hard.

"How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up answered for the first time.

"None, six months since either of us did anything to tell of, unless you count holding up work. I call it pretty wearing kind of a job myself, especially when we put in a night like this one and don't make nothing."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both of you. Would you quit this and begin all over?"

"What's the use?" The man on the stone spoke sullenly. "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper. The devil's begun to foreclose on me already. It's too late."

"No!" said the bishop, and never before the most entranced audience had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly. All the time he sat there during the remarkable scene he prayed: "O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for thee! I am hungry for them! Give them to me!"

"No!" the bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men? It doesn't so much matter what I want, but he wants just what I do in this case. You two men are of infinite value to him."

And then the bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid in an appeal such as no one else on earth among men could make under such circumstances. He had remembered the man's name in spite of the wonderfully busy years that lay between his coming to the house and the present moment.

"Burns," he said, and he yearned over the men with an unspeakable longing for them both, "if you and your friend here will go home with me tonight I will find you both places of honorable employment. I will believe in you and trust you. You are both comparatively young men. Why should God lose you? It is a great thing to win the love of the great Father. It is a small thing that I should love you, but if you need to feel again that there is love in the world you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and in the name of him who was crucified for our sins I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the human life. Can't he men! Make another try for it. God helping you. No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this tonight. He has forgiven it. The minute you ask him to you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together, you two and I. It's worth fighting for. Everlasting life is his. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God, give me the souls of these two men!"

The bishop broke into a prayer to God that was a continuation of his appeal to the men. His pent up feeling had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing. Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the power of the bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first, but as the prayer went on he was moved by it. What force of the Holy Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life nothing but the eternal records of the recording angel can ever disclose, but that same supernatural presence that snote Paul on the road to Damascus and poured through Henry Maxwell's church the morning he asked disciples to follow in Jesus' steps and had again broken irresistibly over the Nazareth Avenue congregation now manifested himself in this foul corner of the mighty city and over the natures of these two sinful, smitten men, apparently lost to all the pleadings of conscience and memory of God. The bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication, and they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

The bishop ceased, and at first he himself did not realize what had happened. Neither did the two men. Burns still sat with his head bowed between his hands. The man leaning against the fence looked at the bishop with a face in which new emotions of awe, repentance, astonishment and a broken gleam of joy struggled for expression.

The bishop rose.

"Come, my brothers! God is good. You shall stay at the settlement tonight, and I will make good my promise as to the work."

The two men followed the bishop in silence. When they reached the settlement, it was after 3 o'clock. The bishop let them in and led them to a room. At the door he paused a moment. His tall, commanding figure stood in the doorway, and his pale face, worn with his recent experiences, was illumined with the divine glory.

"God bless you, my brothers!" he said, and, leaving them his benediction, he went away.

In the morning he almost dreaded to face the men, but the impression of the night had not worn away. True to his promise, the bishop secured work for them. The janitor at the settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there. So Burns was given for a firm of warehouse dray manufacturers not far from the settlement.

And the Holy Spirit, struggling in these two darkened, sinful men, began his marvelous work of regeneration.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant janitor and he was cleaning off the front steps of the settlement when he passed a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing he noticed was a tree sign just across the alley. He could at most touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street immediately opposite were two large saloons, and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest saloon opened, and a man came out. At

prayer opening in the force, the footstep passed.

"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol.

"No; the chain is caught somewhere!" And the other man swore again.

"Break it, then!"

"No; don't break it," the bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken. "The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."

At the sound of the bishop's voice the man with the pistol started as if he had been suddenly shot by his own weapon. With a quick movement of his other hand he turned the bishop's head toward what little light was shining from the alleyway, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone. We've got the money. That's enough."

"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon?"

Before the man with the stake could say another word he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the bishop's head toward his own.

"Leave that watch be and put back the money too. This is the bishop we've held up—the bishop! Do you hear?"

"And what of it? The president of the United States wouldn't be too good to hold up if!"

"I say, you put the money back, or in five minutes I'll blow a hole through your head that'll let in more sense than you have to spare now," said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate at this strange turn in events, as if measuring his companion's intention. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the bishop's pocket.

"You can take your hands down, sir." The man with the weapon lowered it slowly, still keeping an eye on the other man and speaking with rough respect. The bishop looked earnestly at the two men. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish features. He was evidently free to go his way now, but he stood there, making no movement.

"You can go on. You needn't stay any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone. The other man stood viciously digging his stake into the ground.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the bishop. He sat down on a board that projected from the broken fence.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other.

"We're on the road to hell, though; that's sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help!" The bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone stared at the bishop through the darkness. After a moment of silence he spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had at first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the bishop. "The light is not very good, and I have really not had a good look at you."

"Do you know me now?" The man suddenly took off his hat and, getting up from the stone, walked over to the bishop until they were near enough to touch each other.

The man's hair was coal black, except one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white.

The minute the bishop saw that he started. The memory of 15 years ago began to stir in him. The man helped him.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '82 a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes; I begin to recall now," murmured the bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job and how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely. "Then he struck his hand against the fence with such sudden passion that he drew blood."

"Kept it! I was drunk inside of a week. I've been drinking ever since, but I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house and after breakfast, you had prayers and asked me to come in and sit with the rest? That got me. But my mother used to pray. I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her while she was kneeling; there by me, but I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you did not seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough looking and more than half drunk when I rang your doorbell. My God, what a life I've lived! The saloon has housed me and homed me and made hell on earth for me. But that prayer stuck to me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken in a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you found for me and landed in a police station two days afterward, but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it, and I won't do any harm to you nor let any one else. So you're free to go. That's why."

The bishop did not stir. Somewhere a church clock struck 1. The man had

prayed on his hat and gone back to his seat on the stone. The bishop was thinking hard.

"How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up answered for the first time.

"None, six months since either of us did anything to tell of, unless you count holding up work. I call it pretty wearing kind of a job myself, especially when we put in a night like this one and don't make nothing."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both of you. Would you quit this and begin all over?"

"What's the use?" The man on the stone spoke sullenly. "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper. The devil's begun to foreclose on me already. It's too late."

"No!" said the bishop, and never before the most entranced audience had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly. All the time he sat there during the remarkable scene he prayed: "O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for thee! I am hungry for them! Give them to me!"

"No!" the bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men? It doesn't so much matter what I want, but he wants just what I do in this case. You two men are of infinite value to him."

And then the bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid in an appeal such as no one else on earth among men could make under such circumstances. He had remembered the man's name in spite of the wonderfully busy years that lay between his coming to the house and the present moment.

"Burns," he said, and he yearned over the men with an unspeakable longing for them both, "if you and your friend here will go home with me tonight I will find you both places of honorable employment. I will believe in you and trust you. You are both comparatively young men. Why should God lose you? It is a great thing to win the love of the great Father. It is a small thing that I should love you, but if you need to feel again that there is love in the world you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and in the name of him who was crucified for our sins I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the human life. Can't he men! Make another try for it. God helping you. No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this tonight. He has forgiven it. The minute you ask him to you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together, you two and I. It's worth fighting for. Everlasting life is his. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God, give me the souls of these two men!"

The bishop broke into a prayer to God that was a continuation of his appeal to the men. His pent up feeling had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing. Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the power of the bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first, but as the prayer went on he was moved by it. What force of the Holy Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life nothing but the eternal records of the recording angel can ever disclose, but that same supernatural presence that snote Paul on the road to Damascus and poured through Henry Maxwell's church the morning he asked disciples to follow in Jesus' steps and had again broken irresistibly over the Nazareth Avenue congregation now manifested himself in this foul corner of the mighty city and over the natures of these two sinful, smitten men, apparently lost to all the pleadings of conscience and memory of God. The bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication, and they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

The bishop ceased, and at first he himself did not realize what had happened. Neither did the two men. Burns still sat with his head bowed between his hands. The man leaning against the fence looked at the bishop with a face in which new emotions of awe, repentance,

WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Doctor's Story.

PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md. | yet

Send all orders to the NEWS,
Bethel, Me.

LOCKE'S MILLS. ME.

The Bethel News

Published Wednesdays by the
News Publishing Company,
BETHEL, MAINE.

E. O. BOWLER, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions \$1.25 strictly in advance.
If not paid in advance \$1.50 will be charged.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The colored slip on your paper denotes the time to which you have paid for your paper. If not correct notify us immediately.
Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his address or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for its payment.
If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.
If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 10, 1900.

The water question is becoming a serious one among the mill men along the Kennebec. The large paper mills on the Cobscooksee at Gardiner are running on half time and the prospect is that they will soon be obliged to shut down entirely.

Kennebec ice dealers are not pleased with the outlook for business. The recently formed American Ice Company, properly known as the American Ice Trust, intends to abandon the Maine fields and take up Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

At the conclusion of a recent session of the grand jurors of Cumberland county, the county commissioners received the following petition:

"To the County Commissioners of Cumberland County:

"We, the undersigned grand jurors of Cumberland County, respectfully represent that the furniture in the room occupied, while in session by the said jurors is old, and its chairs are old and very uncomfortable. Wherefore, we hereby pray that your honorable body will take action and re-furnish said rooms with more modern and comfortable chairs and other suitable furniture at your earliest convenience."

As a matter of fact several of the jurors have, during their last session, torn their trousers on nalis projecting from the furniture in the jury room. And if to tear a man's pants when he is court-ing won't call down his wrath, what will?

PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.

In the supplement to the December number of the Sanitary Inspector is a very interesting article on the prevention of consumption. This disease is certainly the most destructive of life of any with which humanity has to contend, and we all will joyfully welcome any tangible form of prevention.

The statement is made with a marked degree of confidence that heredity, formerly thought to be a potent cause of pulmonary consumption, is now known to have but little part in the causation of the disease, and although admission is made that heredity is possible, yet it is claimed that the best authorities the world over, now teach that cases of heredity transmission are very rare.

Infection, it is stated, is the essential cause of consumption, and by far the greatest source of infection are consumptive human beings, and yet, fortunately, the ways in which the contagion can be disseminated are but few, and by intelligent care they may be effectually controlled.

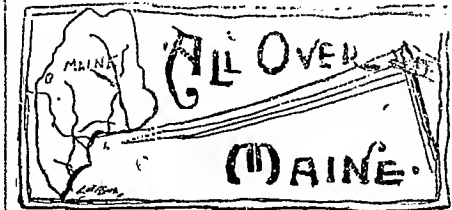
The sputum, what is coughed up, is the one great danger; when dry it becomes pulverized, diffused through the atmosphere, and cannot be inhaled without much danger. The breath of the patient is not infectious, and the same may be said of the sputum as long as it is moist.

Attention is called to the fact that consumption may be contracted by breathing impure air in sleeping rooms, schools, offices, etc., and in other kindred ways.

In the way of encouragement it is shown there is always an intrinsic tendency to recovery in the early stages of the disease, and that under modern treatment, a large per cent of cases do recover.

The fact that people do contract this dreadful disease while attending those who have become its victims, coupled with the fact that

it is considered curable when properly treated, has prompted the editor of the Sanitary Inspector to urge strongly the necessity of a State Sanitarium. He says: "The time is probably not far away when all enlightened states will deem it a paying investment to save the lives of consumptives who cannot save themselves instead of letting them die. Massachusetts is the banner state in this movement; New York will probably have a state sanitarium for consumptives before long. That our own state may before many years have a life-saving station of this kind, must be the hope of every citizen who knows how successful the sanitarium treatment of consumption has been in many places where the climate conditions are less favorable than in many parts of Maine."



LARGEST EVER KNOWN.

The canning industry in Maine last year was the most prosperous that it was ever known to be. The pack of sweet corn, which was the largest that has been known for years, has been nearly sold up, and when the spring trade opens there will be none in "first hands." The pack report so far was:

	Cans.
Anson, North	342,000
Anson, South	300,000
Bethel	250,000
Bluefield	125,000
Buckfield	125,000
Calais	450,000
Corinna	300,000
Danville	450,000
Eastport	450,000
Farrell	450,000
Farmington, West	450,000
Foxcroft	450,000
Presburg	450,000
Hiram	300,000
Lisbon	300,000
Milton	450,000
Naples	270,000
Norway	270,000
Orland	270,000
Paris, West	374,000
Royalton	125,000
St. Albans	200,000
St. Albans	200,000
Sumner, East	450,000
Walden	450,000
Winterport	100,000
Winthrop	400,000

EDWARD KENT'S BIRTHDAY.

On January 8, 1802, Edward Kent, later governor of Maine, was born. He was a native of New Hampshire, but came to Bangor, where he began the practice of law in 1825. Four years later he entered the State Legislature and was mayor of Bangor from 1836 to 1838, in which year he was elected governor, his election by a vote of 45,574 to 45,507 for John Fairfield, the democratic candidate, being the first indication of the defeat of the democratic party throughout the country in 1840 and gave rise to the famous political song "Have you heard the news from Maine?" In 1843, Governor Kent was appointed a commissioner to settle the Maine boundary line, under the Ashburton treaty, was U. S. consul at Rio Janeiro from 1849 to 1853, associate justice of the State supreme court from 1859 to 1873 and afterwards president of the constitutional commission of Maine. He died in Bangor, May 19, 1877.

PORTLAND'S \$100,000 FIRE.

The loss from the Saturday morning fire in the F. O. Bailey Co.'s carriage repository and wholesale store, will amount to nearly \$100,000, only partially covered by insurance. The building was a fine five story brick structure and is a total wreck. The walls of the structure are still standing, badly damaged by the heat, while the interior was completely ruined. How the fire got such a tremendous start is a mystery, although it is attributed to the large elevator well. It was thought to have caught about the furnace and worked its way to the elevator well.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation is taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Family Pills are the best.

"Necessity is the Mother of Invention."

It was the necessity for an honest, reliable blood purifier and tonic that brought into existence Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a highly concentrated extract prepared by a combination, proportion and process peculiar to itself and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla unequalled curative power. Its wonderful record of cures has made it America's Greatest Medicine.

Rosy Cheeks — "I have good health and rosy cheeks, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It builds me up and saves doctor bills." Mary A. Burke, East Clair St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver bile; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

EAST BETHEL.

Mr. G. K. Hastings visited West Paris last Saturday.

Mrs. W. H. Tracy is visiting her sister, Miss Ross, at Lewiston.

Master Guy Bartlett of Berlin, N. H., visited here last week.

Prof. W. S. Wight spent Sunday and Monday at C. M. Kimball's.

Mrs. Fred Bean visited at J. M. Bartlett's, Berlin, N. H., last week.

Mrs. I. I. Young and little daughter have returned home from Massachusetts.

Miss Mattie Tracy of Lawrence, Mass., spent Christmas week with her mother.

Master Clarence Howe of Waltham, Mass., spent his holiday vacation with relatives in this place.

Mr. Porter Farwell recently loaded two cars with hard wood, at Locke Mills, to be shipped to Lewiston.

Mr. Sumner Brown has sold a large quantity of pressed hay to A. M. Carter; it is to be delivered at Rumford Falls.

Mrs. Agnes H. Straw, who has recently returned from Montana, spent the past week with her brother, J. D. Hastings, and family.

FINAL MARK DOWN SALE

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS

AT 50%
DISCOUNT.

LADIES' JACKETS

\$18.00	now \$9.00
10.00	now 5.00
8.00	now 4.00
7.00	now 3.50
6.00	now 3.00

CHILDREN'S JACKETS

\$6.00	now \$3.00
4.00	now 2.00
3.00	now 1.50
2.00	now 1.00

all new this year's styles

MEN'S WINTER SUITS

marked down from \$50.00	to \$25.00
\$7 & 7.50	to 5.50
\$8 & 8.50	to 6.50
\$10 & 11.00	to 7.50

Blankets and Comforters greatly reduced in price.
You cannot afford to miss this opportunity.

Yours respectfully,

L. B. ANDREWS,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

FIRE AT NO. WATERFORD

HOTEL AND SEVEN BUILDINGS
DESTROYED.

LOSS ESTIMATED AT \$12,000.—
PARTIALLY INSURED.

[SPECIAL TO THE NEWS.]

No. Waterford, Jan. 9.—The roof of E. H. Nason's store was discovered all ablaze Monday at 12 o'clock, and before help could be secured the building was consumed. The fire ran rapidly along the street burning Lewis' hotel, two stores, blacksmith shop and school house, and two other buildings. As the town has no fire department, it was impossible for them to save anything, and it was only by the heroic work of the citizens that the remainder of the town was saved. At this hour the loss has not been fully established, but it is thought it will reach \$12,000, partially covered by insurance. It is hoped that all buildings will be rebuilt, and that No. Waterford will take a boom again.

NEW MEXICO LETTER

DEAR FRIENDS:

My thoughts have been back in old New England to-day, and I cannot resist the desire to send you all a New Year's greeting.

I haven't much to tell you or I would have written long ago. The surroundings here have become so a part of my life that the things that were so strange at first, do not even attract my attention.

Of all the years I have taught, thus far, this is the pleasantest. We have a new president whom all respect and admire, and the days glide by so pleasantly. Just at present we are a bit puffed up.

Saturday, Dec. 24, our Basket Ball team played the Albuquerque girls here, and won, score 4 to 2. Christmas day our boys played Foot Ball against the Indians, for the championship of the territory; score, 38 to 0, in our favor. The Indians have not been defeated before for eight years. There is some talk of a game this week at Albuquerque, between our boys and the Carlisle Indians. They are returning from Calif. and have partially arranged a game with the Albuquerque Indians, which the latter have turned over to us. Of course we could not win, but it would be a fine thing for our boys and for the college. There is to be a tennis tournament at Albuquerque this week, and as one of our professors holds the championship it may be quite interesting.

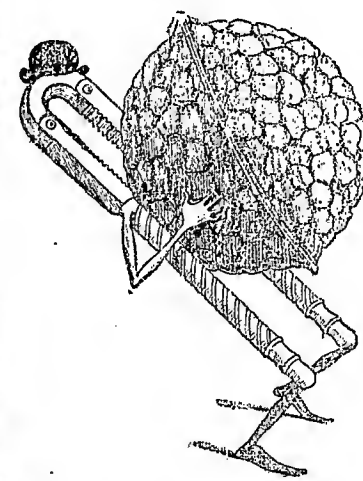
It is evening, and I am writing without any fire and my window open. It has been such a warm lovely day.

Yesterday one of the lady teachers and myself went driving. We went down to Fort Fillmore, an old ruined fort. The rambling adobe ruins made one think of pictures of Egyptian ruins. It is very dry here, and everything should be green, but as it is not the nature of the country, it is brown. As we gazed upon the ruins of the fort we could not but wonder what thrilling scenes had been enacted within its walls, for in early days the Indians often laid waste the country, and we are near enough to the border for bands of banditti to have made their numerous raids.

Last year I did not expect that Jan. 1, 1900 would find me a bloated (?) land holder in New Mexico, but such is the case, and I am anxiously watching the progress that is being made on a little adobe not far distant, and which my brother and I expect soon to occupy. A few years ago if anyone had told me that I would one day be living in a little adobe in this strange country, I should have laughed heartily. But "the unexpected always happens," and strangest of all, I am content with my lot. If any of you good people of New England come this way, remember the latch string is out and a hearty welcome awaits you inside, and I will see that you see some of the strange sights I have told you of.

Wishing all my old friends, wherever they may be, a happy and prosperous New Year, Believe me as ever,
ELLEN F. GIBSON,
Mesilla Park, N. Mexico, Jan. 1.
Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cures constipation forever.
No. 25c. H. C. C. Co., full, druggists refund money.

A Hard Nut to Crack



is the fact that while this store is not in any way like the "spread eagle" style of bargain store that offers good values to-day at low prices and to-morrow charges more. We have made and for years maintained a reputation for selling the very best in

Furniture, Carpets
and Draperies
At the most reasonable prices.

Bradford, Conant & Co.,

199-203 Lisbon St., - LEWISTON, ME.

JANUARY * SALE.

Low Prices on Muslin Underwear and Corsets.

Cotton has advanced! We know it, but notwithstanding the additional 25 or 33 per cent. we shall have to pay on cottons, low prices will continue at our sale of Muslin Underwear.

USE OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

25c French Cover—Of cambric, lace edge, also one trimmed with embroidery, regular 38c quality.

38c French Cover—Torchon trimmed, also French Cover with muslin ruffles edged with lace or embroidery.

50c Square Necked French Cover—Handsome y trimmed with lace.

25c Drawers—Good muslin deep cambric ruffle, hem-stitched, regular price 38c.

38c Drawers—Made in umbrella style, deep tucked ruffle, torchon edge.

50c Drawers—Fine cambric cluster of tucks, ruffles with torchon edge, regular 75c quality.

79c Skirts—Of good quality muslin, umbrella style, dust ruffle, trimmed with insertion and torchon.

1.00 Fine Skirts—Made in umbrella style, with ruffle of embroidery.

50c Gowns—Of good muslin, high neck, yoke of tucks and insertion, three styles at this price.

75c Gowns—High neck pointed yoke of tucking, ruffle of embroidery.

CORSETS

H. S. Corsets of finest Italian Cloth, long waist, medium bust, straight front, flare hip, lace and ribbon trimmed, white or drab. Regular \$2.25 quality.

JANUARY SALE PRICE, \$1.19

Eastman Brothers & Bancroft,
492 CONGRESS ST., PORTLAND, ME.



THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.

The Mightiest Writers

Are those who do the actual work in the vast correspondence of a nation. In this work one

Smith Premier Typewriter

Is equal to scores of pens. The Pen has given place to the Modern Writer, The Smith Premier, the machine typical of progress, the acknowledged

LEADER IN IMPROVEMENTS.

Send for Catalogue.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

Fur Coats

BEST ASSORTMENT

Fur Robes

AND
LOWEST PRICES

Horse Blankets in all Grades and Styles

Attention is again called to a stock food I am selling. You can't afford to be without it. If it don't prove satisfactory it costs nothing to try it.

Come in and let me tell you about it.

YOUNG'S @ HARNESS STORE

The place to buy GLENWOOD RANGES

AND HEATERS, Wood and Coal FURNACES, Hardware, Tinware, Dynamite and Powder, Iron and Steel, DERBY Paint, PRINCE'S Tinted Lead, White Lead, Linseed Oil Guns, Ammunition, Lumbermen's Supplies, Lubricating and Kerosine Oils, etc. etc., is of

STANLEY BISBEE,

Telephone 7-9 RUMFORD FALLS, ME.

OUR ANNUAL GREATEST SALE OF MAINE'S GREATEST STORE.

SALE ALL THIS WEEK AND NEXT.

A chance for you to secure at greatly reduced prices the very highest grade of Housefurnishings. We offer these special bargains at this time, NOT to close out undesirable merchandise BUT IN ORDER TO FIND ROOM FOR OUR NEW SPRING PATTERNS and SELECTIONS. WE MUST KEEP "UP-TO-DATE." You reap the advantage. You should read every line of this advertisement. It will pay you.

NO TRADING STAMPS GIVEN DURING THIS SALE.

BASEMENT BARGAINS.		JARDINIERS.		OILS, MARINE, by well known artists, in French Gilt Frames, were \$13.50, now each 8.50		STRAW MATTINGS.		BOOK CASES.		PARLOR & LIBRARY TABLES.	
GASOLINE COOKING STOVES & BLUE FLAME OIL STOVES. We have assembled our entire assortment and make prices to pay you buying for next season's use.		1 Magnificent Copeland Blue Jardiniere, always stylish, was \$3.00, now 1.50		2 Oil Fruit Studies in Velvet and Gilt Frames, \$6.00, now 3.75		Remnants in short lengths of Real Japanese, Chinese and Domestic Straw Mattings, in lengths 5 to 15 yards, worth from 25c to 60c, will go for 10c yd		1 Elegant 3 section Library Book, quartered Oak, 4 ft. 9 in. long, 5 ft. 4 in. wide, each door hung on 3 brass hinges, was \$23.50, now 17.50		100 No. 550, quartered oak 24 in. Parlor Tables, were \$3.50, now 2.10 each	
20 V and E built Laundry Stoves Improved Patterns, Convenient in design, and practical, were \$4.50, for \$3.00		1 Onyx Jardiniere, very pretty, was \$2.50, now 1.25		3 Artotypes from Rosa Bonheur, Brittany Cattle, Brittany sheep, Hart in the Black Forest, were \$15.00, now 8.50		Oil CLOTHS. An assortment of choice patterns, usually sold for 25c to 30c, will go for 19c yd		1 Fine quartered oak bookcase, 4 ft. 2 in. wide, 6 ft. 3 in. high, beautiful fluted colonial columns, oval French bevel mirror, 36x8, was \$27 now 20.00		100 No. 27, oak, brass claw feet, Parlor Tables, with shelf, actual value \$3, now 1.87	
25 8 qt. Fire and Acid Proof Stone Preserving Kettles, glazed inside, with bail. Also 4 and 6 qt., formerly 25c to 50c, all to be closed at 1c each		1 Rich Royal Worcester Jardiniere, hand decorated, gold stippled, was \$6.00, now 2.50				Our line of Oil Cloths will be greatly reduced in price and embraces a line of very desirable goods.		14 section "Wernicke" bookcase, the celebrated "never completed" kind for 13.00		1 No. 143, centre pillar solid mahogany English Breakfast Table was \$10, now 6.50	
1 PERFECT STEAM BOILER. 24 in. grate. Rated to carry and will carry 350 ft. radiation, was \$125.00, now \$62.50		1 Celebrated Copeland Blue Jardiniere and Pedestal, 3 ft. high, was \$25.00, now 13.72						Many others equally desirable.		2 No. 47, mahogany inlaid Colonial Soap Top Tables, were \$10.75, now 7.75	
MARKET BASKETS. Covered (strong and reliable) in 3 sizes, were 45c, 55c, and 65c. Your choice for 30c each		DINNER SETS.						OFFICE CHAIRS.		1 No. 53, Colonial mahogany Library Table, French legs, 3 drawers, was \$27, now 17.00	
OUR LINE OF PARLOR HEATING OIL STOVES. Will go at prices low enough for furniture needs.		1 125-pc. English China Dinner Set, White Violet, Gold Traced, value \$31.00, for 19.50						1 lot arm, oak back, chestnut seat, Office Chairs, were 2.50, now 1.75		1 No. 63, antique oak Parlor Table, marble top wash stand and French plate mirror combined, was 17.50, now 12.50	
1st FLOOR.		1 130-pc. Brown and White Semi-Porcelain Dinner Set, value, \$20.00, for 14.00						1 No. 5345, screw and spring, oak Office Chair, was 7.50, now 6.00		1 No. 24, oak Card Table, 30 in. square with chipped pockets, was 12.00, now 6.00	
OUR ENTIRE LINE OF LADIES' PARLOR DESKS WILL BE OFFERED AT A GREAT SACRIFICE.		1 112-pc. Brown and White Semi-Porcelain Dinner Set, value, \$13.50, for 10.50						1 lot No. 100, G. O. screw and spring, close woven seat, oak Office Chairs, value 5.00, now 3.87		1 No. 468, quartered oak Parlor Table, legs hand carved, claw feet, was 18.75, now 12.75	
1 No. 288 Quartered Oak French Leg Desk 28x14 French Bevel Mirror, was \$23.00, now \$13.00		1 Crate Illuminated Green with Gold Coin Decoration Dinner Sets—can be matched if necessary—112, 125, 130-pc., respectively \$12.75, \$15.75, \$18 Sale price \$11.50, \$14.25, 16.25						Other reductions in this line equally as great.		OUR ROLL TOP DESK, 1 ft. long, 28 in. deep, 13 pigeon holes, 2 drawers, padded back, unapproachable in value at 18.00	
1 No. 3254 Chippendale Carved Ladies' Desk, was \$31.00, now 22.00		PIANO LAMPS.								2 Typewriter Roll Top Desks, 30 in. long, 50 in. deep, 12 pigeon holes, 5 drawers, in oak, was 21.75, now 20.00	
1 No. 9 1/2 in. Mah. Marquetry Front Desk, was \$7.25, now 5.25		1 Onyx and Brass Piano Lamp, Ruby Fount, Handsome Globe, was \$15.00, now 9.05								4 Flat top Typewriter Desks, 40 in. long, 30 in. deep, with Cutler conveniences, was 13.50, now 10.50	
1 No. 407 Old Colonial Bird's Eye Maple Desk, was \$19.50, now 13.50		1 Wrought Iron Piano Lamp, very fancy design, was \$12.50, now 9.00								1 Flat top figured oak Desks, 40 individual letter clips, 3 drawers, originally 20.00, now 12.00	
1 No. 409 Solid Mah. Colonial Desk, was \$20.00, now 12.00		BANQUET LAMPS.								1 Letter press Stand, Cutler make, in oak, foot leverage letter book attachment, was 12.00, now 7.50	
1 No. 8 Curly Birch Ladies' Writing Desk, French Design, bevel mirror, 21x36, was \$19.50, now 10.00		1 Gilt Banquet Lamp, Decorated Globe, very chaste design, was \$10.00, now 6.75								5 O'CLOCK TEA TABLES.	
The above represent only a few of the Great Bargains to be found. All the others will be reduced.		1 Banquet Lamp, Silver & Gilt Decorated Globe, was \$5.75, now 4.25								1 No. 139, solid mah., inlaid top Tea Table, was 14.50, now 7.50	
LADIES' TOILET TABLES.		1 Royal Worcester Brass Banquet Lamp with Handsome Globe, was \$15.25, now 7.87								1 No. 811, quarter Oak Tea Table, was 6.00, now 3.50	
1 No. 1502 Oak Dressing Table and chair to match, finished in eisel, was \$21.00, now \$12.00		CHAFING DISHES.								1 No. 370, B. E. Maple Tea Table, was 10.50, now 5.50	
1 No. 1517 Mah. Dressing Table (pure Colonial), was \$19.00, now 12.00		1 Aluminum Chafing Dish with stand, was \$5.00, now 1.98								FANCY TABLES.	
CROCKERY DEPARTMENT.		1 Aluminum Chafing Dish with stand, was \$1.50, now 1.50								1 No. 800, Ornamental Bry Window Table, 11 shelves, was 12.00, now 6.00	
1 Cobalt Blue, Yellow and Black Pint Pitchers, were 25c, at 5c each		PICTURE DEPARTMENT.								1 No. 71, rope mah. Pedestal was 22.00, now 12.50	
CHOCOLATE POTS.		1 Large Oil, Marine View, by Clayton, Gold Leaf Varnes, Frame, was \$25.00, now \$15.50								1 No. 108, Marquetry top mah. ornamental Table, was 9.50, now 5.50	
1 Chocolate Pots, German China, Dresden Figures, were \$1.57, now .75		2 Large Panel Oils, French Gilt Frames, Landscape and Marine, were \$18.00, now each 12.50									
1 Beautiful "Trilby" Chocolate Pot, was \$2.75, now \$1.50											
Many other Bargains.											

"WE PAY THE FREIGHT."

OREN HOOPER'S SONS, : : PORTLAND, ME.

G. R. Wiley, Bethel; A. S. Bean, W. Bethel; W. H. Crockett, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; A. R. Small & Son, Bryant Pond guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for lagrippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

Now That the Snow has come, people are needing

HEAVY UNDERWEAR.

Ladies, you will find just what you need for Yourself and Children in Hosiery and Underwear at

E. E. BURNHAM'S.

URSUS AMERICANUS.

That is his official title. But they call him "Snag" for short. There is a stranger in Chicago whose name is not down on any hotel register, but who none the less is a person of great importance, at least in his own land. Just at present he occupies the front suit of the basement at Vaughan's seed store, 81 Randolph street, and his mission in life lies in making things as lively all around as possible. He sits in state on a large box, grins at the people who stop on the street above to take a look down the shoot at his beard and keeps a watchful eye on for friendly donations of candy and peanuts as cleverly as if he were a Lincoln park bear born and bred instead of being a wild, roly poly little cub from the great forests of northern Wisconsin. Officially his title is Ursus americanus, but the express messenger who brought him down from the north nicknamed him Snag. No one knows exactly why. Perhaps he ran up against one. But anyway Snag is as gentlemanly and handsome a young cub as one would care to see. His fur is over three inches long, heavy and brown as a chocolate drop, and a love pat from his paw would likely knock daylight into one of the Art Institute lions. Mr. Vaughan secured his new pet while on his annual trip for evergreens to the northern woods. The Menominee Indians at Wabeno, a little village in Forest county, had captured young Snag, and he was a great favorite with the tribe. With the coming of chilly winds and snowtime the fever came upon him to hibernate, and there was a large, deep hole promptly dug out under the log house of his owner, Ruffing Wolf. When Mr. Vaughan discovered him, he was completely covered with clay, and the very first taste of civilization that he received was a good warm bath, much to his disgust. He has taken kindly to his new home so far, but sometimes when the corner of the box becomes tiresome he flops lazily off and makes a kind survey the full length of his chain. Anything that gets within his radius is lawful prey, and he has left his trademark everywhere, chewing delicate slices out of the door and napping about with a stick like a Finghio volunteer. One day recently he suddenly came across a fresh lot of evergreens just arrived from his old home and at once made a frantic grab for them, as if he recognized old friends. In half a minute it was hard telling which was bear and which were evergreens, but after he had given them a good all around tug Snag emerged from the debris and went over in his corner to meditate on the futility of earthly hopes, and especially on how all the world conspired to make a good, self respecting little bear perfectly miserable by raking up old memories of home and mother. Altogether he is a very quaint, jolly sort of a chap, and when he stands up on his hind legs ready for a tussle he looks as if he could "cut up" any foot ball player.—Chicago Record.

and a flute player. These musicians play almost continually, and while they play the workmen, who are nearly all negroes, work steadily and apparently without tiring, their movements conforming as nearly as possible to the time of the music. As a rule, the players are before the workmen, but if the music stops the laborers soon lag and play at work unless directly under the eye of the overseer.

Deficient.

Ralph, who was just 7, ran to his mother, exclaiming: "Mamma, Eva McCall says, 'I are instead of 'I is.' She doesn't know much 'bout 'rithmetic, does she?'"

Spangled nets are more popular than ever for the black evening gown, and one of the latest novelties in this material is varied with generous insertions of cream lace, between which the spangles are sewed on closely, overlapping one another like fish scales.

Bred Nearly 5,000 Years Old.

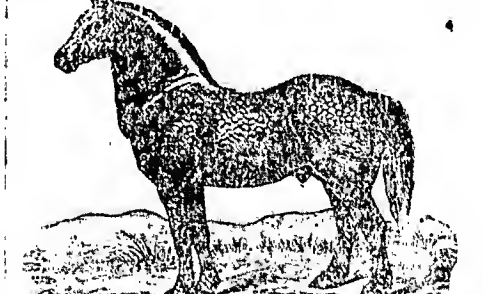
In the museum of Berlin is a loaf of bread believed to be 4,500 years old. It is said to be the oldest loaf in the world, but it bears a certain resemblance to stale loaves that were made in the year of grace 1892. The bread was found in the tomb of Mentuhotep, who died in Egypt 2,500 years before Christ. It is dark brown in color, and inside of it are many large holes. Examination shows that the bread was made of barley and that the grains were crushed and not sifted. Instead of being cooked in an oven, it was baked between hot stones, after the custom of some 5,000 years ago.

Morris Chair

\$5.95 buys this standard Morris Chair, No. 1440, direct from the makers. Freight prepaid, sent "on approval," to be returned if you are not satisfied. It is a very comfortable seat and is finished in light oak, dark oak, or mahogany. The back is adjustable to a position. It has a cushion covered with beautiful figured velvet, or other rich material, and is upholstered in the latest style.

"THE HOUSEHOLD OUTFITTERS"

Oren Hooper's Sons, Portland, Maine.



Horses tough. A fresh car load each week. Prices low terms cash. A big stock of harnesses on hand. Heavy team harness of our own make a specialty.

JONAS EDWARDS, AUBURN, MAINE. Telephone 641. Call and see us. Correspondence solicited.

P. S. I will pay a fair price for some good big work horses.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office. Bethel, Me.

A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE.
Office days the last three of each week.

DR. J. G. Gehring,
Physician and Surgeon
BETHEL, ME.
Office at residence on Broad St.

J. B. TWADDELL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Office and Residence at
E. E. Holt's on Chapman Street.

DR. Gardner L. Sturdivant,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.

E. E. RANDALL,
Custom Boot & Shoe Maker
All kinds of repairing
promptly attended to.
Main Street, BETHEL, ME.

A. Z. CATES,
Registered - Apothecary,
Rumford Falls, Maine.
All orders by mail or express receive
prompt attention.
All business strictly confidential.
All correspondence answered.

The State College
and
Portland Business School
PORTLAND, MAINE
Actual business by mail and railroad. In-
struction by mail a specialty. Department of
telegraphy. Book keepers, clerks and stenog-
raphers furnished to business men. Free cut-
ting. F. L. SHAW, PRES., PORTLAND, ME.

Morrison's English Liniment.
You have doubtless heard of
Morrison's English Liniment. If
you have, you have heard of one of
the greatest liniments for horse-
flesh that ever was put upon the
market. Don't think this is all
blow. The James W. Foster Co. of
Bath, N. H. stand back of the state-
ment and guarantee what they say
to be true. Buy just one bottle
and use it according to directions
and be convinced that it has no
equal. For sale by C. R. Wiley
and J. A. Thurston, Bethel; A. S.
Bean, West Bethel, and Frank
Bisbee, Newry.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR!

Ask your physician this ques-
tion, "What is the one great
remedy for consumption?"
He will answer, "Cod-liver
oil." Nine out of ten will
answer the same way.

Yet when persons have
consumption they loathe all
fatty foods, yet fat is neces-
sary for their recovery and
they cannot take plain cod-
liver oil. The plain oil dis-
turb the stomach and takes
away the appetite. The dis-
agreeable fishy odor and
taste make it almost unen-
durable. What is to be done?
This question was an-
swered when we first made

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypo-
phosphites. Although that
was nearly twenty-five years
ago, yet it stands alone to-
day the one great remedy
for all affections of the throat
and lungs.

The bad taste and odor have been
taken away, the oil itself has been
partly digested, and the most sen-
sitive stomach objects to it rarely.
Not one in ten can take and digest
the plain oil. Nine out of ten can
take SCOTT'S EMULSION and di-
gest it. That's why it cures so
many cases of early consumption.
Even in advanced cases it brings
comfort and greatly prolongs life.

See and feel, all druggists,
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

WISCO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Throat Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Plenty Opportunities

FOR AVERAGE MEN.

It sometimes occurs that young
men born to wealth or command-
ing the power of influential friend-
ships find a start in the business
world comparatively easy; occa-
sionally there is a genius, but
neither wealth nor genius will
make a position without the quali-
ties of persistence and industry.
Observation of the men who are
filling eminent and powerful places
in the business world proves the
proposition that exceptional intel-
lectual ability, is not needed to
secure success. Average men run
the business affairs of the world,
and the highest places are at the
command of such men, provided
that they display fidelity, industry
and intelligence, and are vitalized
by character.

Two comparatively young men
are now presidents of great rail-
road corporations. They are much
in the public eye, and the world
recognizes their superiority. The
distance from the place of a hand
on a gravel train to the presidency
was short for one of them; for the
other it was rapid promotion from
a switch-tender's place to the head-
ship of a corporation. You would
not call them brilliant, but they
are brainy, and with each of them
force of character, simple, nobil-
trusive, without vanity or pride of
position, impresses all with whom
they deal.

Qualities that make men really
valuable are recognized, and the
places to be filled are seeking men
to fill them. Not long ago the di-
rectors of a great corporation were
in session, facing with uncertainty
the filling of a vacant presidency.
The masterful man of that board
stated that a certain party, whom
I call B, was the man required for
the place. Now B. was at that
time filling an important subor-
dinate place in another corpora-
tion. A two-minute conversation
over the telephone, that followed,
lifted B. to the presidency of a
great railroad system. So do the
places find the men.

My own sphere of information is
small, and yet I know as I write,
of four places carrying salaries
varying from \$30,000 to \$50,000 a
year that are, and have been for
months, seeking for proper in-
cumbents. But great places are
not seeking for unable men.

It generally occurs that the
prizes of business life are not se-
cured by the men whose thoughts
and schemes are expended upon
selzing them. Everywhere, in all
ranks of employment, are men
that take themselves too seriously.
Such, almost without exception,
are the men whose interests are
exterior and not interior. Their
efforts are not directed toward
self-improvement, toward the ren-
dering of a better and increasingly
improving service to employer or
to the world. The first require-
ment is to be fitted for better and
higher things; the second is to at-
tain them. Preparation comes by
painful steps and slow; promotion
comes frequently to the truly ear-
nest man as a surprise.

There is no position more pre-
tentious than that of the overplaced
man. His fall is usually only a
matter of time. The world's judg-
ment is accurate and almost in-
evitable. It is therefore of the ut-
most consequence that a man,
whatever his position, should
know the strength of his tenure.
Let a man judge of his hold upon
a place with an honest self-respect,
conscious of what he is and can be;
but as he values his position, let
his self-judgment be free from
vanity, conceit or narrowness. —
Saturday Evening Post.

"He Mistakes the Effect for the
Cause."

That is what the person does
who tries to cure rheumatism or
any other disease by relieving the
symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla
attacks the cause of these diseases.
It neutralizes the acid in the blood
and thus permanently cures rheu-
matism. It tones and strengthens
the stomach, restores its natural
fluids and permanently cures dys-
pepsia.

Hood's Pills cure constipation.
Price 25 cents.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No
beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathar-
tic clean your blood and keep it clean, by
stimulating the lazy liver and driving all im-
purities from the body. Begin to-day to
banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads,
and that sickly bilious complexion by taking
Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All drug-
gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK.

What enjoyable January weath-
er!
Granville Felt was at this place
Jan. 10.

Geo. L. Curtis is at present at
work for the Hastings Lumber Co.
George is an expert with horses,
being considered one of the crack
whips with either a two, four or
six-horse team.

John Cross has been doing gen-
eral chores in this vicinity, but is
boarding at Wm. S. Davis'. Should
anyone wish to secure the services
of a careful, trusty hand to look
after the welfare of his stock, he
would do well to correspond with
him at this post office.

Ice cutting is at present the work
of the majority who have dairies.
Large quantities are being stored
by J. H. Davis & Son, Wm. S. Day-
is & Son, Freeman L. Wynan, W.
P. Andrews, and Alfred D. Bryant.
Smaller quantities are being put
in by nearly all, as, under the im-
proved system of farming, ice is a
necessity instead of a luxury, as it
was formerly considered.

Mr. George W. Davis took pos-
session, Jan. 4, of the property re-
cently purchased by him of O. L.
Fuller. Mr. Davis left this place
eleven years ago, since which
time, he has been constantly in the
employment of Emery Nute & Co.,
Boston, and the Fall River Gas Co.
of Fall River, Mass., acting in the
capacity of collector. Mr. Davis
severed his connection, Jan. 1, with
the last mentioned company, where
he had held the trusted position
for eight years. Poor health nec-
essitated his making the change,
thus bringing him back among
his native hills of the old Pine
Tree State.

It was our pleasure to listen,
Sunday afternoon, to the able Mr.
Russell, evangelist, of Toledo, O.,
when he held the attention of an
interested audience at the M. E.
church, at this place. The illus-
tration of his remarks was the
beauty, strength, and perfection
of the palm tree. A social meet-
ing followed, at which our pastor,
the Rev. Mr. Leard, and wife ren-
dered their valuable assistance.
Evangelist Russell will continue
his work one week longer, at West
Paris, where he is doing, with the
help of Him who reigns on high,
a great work in the cause of Christ.

NORTH NEWRY.

Frank Monroe has returned to
Swift river.

A. F. Thurston is working in the
mill at Newry Corner.

Mrs. Sophia Littlehale has re-
turned from Waterford.

All those who attended the cir-
cle at Mrs. W. O. Kilgore's, report-
ed a good time.

Nettie and Edna Thurston re-
turned home, last week, after
spending a week with their uncles.

Mrs. Fannie Widber has gone to
Waterford to spend the winter
with her daughter, Mrs. Col. Hap-
good.

A Southern Jamboree.

We have just received from the
publishers a copy of this most
unique musical composition. It
is certainly one of the most catchy
and attractive pieces of music that
we have ever heard. It is almost
impossible to keep your feet still
while it is being played and it is
making as big a hit as "Georgia
Camp Meeting." A sufficient
guarantee of its merit is the fact
that it is from the pen of Mr. J.
W. Lerman, the composer of the
now famous "Kaya Kaya Dance."
It has been dedicated to Mr. Thos.
F. Shannon and introduced by him
and his famous Twenty-Third Regi-
ment Band, N. G. S. N. Y. Mr.
Shannon, who was formerly man-
ager of Sousa's Great Band, knows
a good thing when he sees it and
he is having such good success in
playing it that Sousa, Innis,
Brooke, Washington Marine, and
all the largest and best known
bands in the country have taken
it up and are now playing it to the
most enthusiastic audiences. The
regular price of this music is 50
cents per copy, but if our readers
will be sure to mention the name
of this paper they can secure a
copy by sending 20 to the Union
Mutual Music Co., 20 E. 14th Street
New York.

Sam—"I s'pose dem dog shows
is good enough, but dey cud be
made a heap more interestin'."

Pete—"How?"

Sam—"Why cudn't they have
dog fights?"—Puck.

WILSON'S MILLS.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Brooks
gave a reception Saturday evening.
A general invitation was given, and
over sixty were present. The
guests were served with coffee, ice
cream and cake, nuts, and candy.
A pleasant evening was spent, and
many good wishes were expressed
for the future happiness of the
young couple. The bride wore a
dress of pink lansdown, trimmed
with black velvet and pearl trim-
ming. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were
the recipients of many useful and
beautiful gifts, among which were
the following: Table cloth and
napkins, Mr. Halsey of New York;
glass set, Sidney Bennett; china
fruit dish, Ernest Bennett; tray
cloth, S. S. Bennett; pin tray, Al-
lie Bennett; towel, Flossie Hart;
China pitcher, Mrs. W. H. Hart;
berry dish and half dozen sauce
dishes, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pen-
nock; glass pitcher and tumblers,
Mrs. P. C. Ripley and daughter,
Geneva; bowls, Mrs. C. T. Fox;
toilet case, Edgar H. Brooks; pil-
low cases, Mrs. John Olson; berry
dish, Mrs. Fred Taylor; bowls, Mr.
and Mrs. R. A. Storey; spoon tray,
Mrs. J. W. Clark; manicure set, P.
A. Flint; pair of towels, Mrs. F. A.
Flint; silver sugar tongs, Addie
Flint; one dollar, Perley Flint;
framed family record, A. R. Pen-
nock; bean-baker, Mrs. F. T. Pen-
nock; one dollar, Lewis Olson;
pair of tablecloths, Mr. and Mrs. J.
W. Clark; mustache cup and sauc-
er, Mrs. H. G. Bennett; berry dish
and half dozen sauce dishes, Mrs.
Hugh Hoyt; sugar shell, H. G.
Bennett; pillow cases, Mrs. Royal
S. Bean; book, "Bridal Blossoms,"
Royal S. Bean; pair of cream pitch-
ers, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Linnell;
ten dollars, Edgar H. Brooks; tow-
el, Luella Carter; towel, Mrs. J.
W. Carter; pair of shirts, J. W.
Bucknam; berry dish and dozen
sauce dishes, Mrs. J. W. Bucknam.

Married at Wilson's Mills, Jan.
3, by R. A. Storey, Arthur A. Flint
of Wilson's Mills, and Miss Mattie
Hilliard of Colebrook, N. H. Mr.
and Mrs. Flint started for Cole-
brook Wednesday.

Cavvier Wilson cut himself badly
last week, while at work for W. W.
Linnell. Henry Bennett went up
with a team and took him home.

The winter school, taught by
Miss Mattie Hilliard of Colebrook,
closed Friday.

B. H. Brooks came down from
the Lake, Friday, and returned
Wednesday.

The King's Daughters Circle
met with Mrs. J. W. Clark, Wed-
nesday.

J. A. Dunning was in town the
last of the week.

GRAFTON.

J. H. Farrar is working in Ran-
dolph, N. H.

John Hewey was in Rumford
Falls, recently.

Will Otis was home from Hough-
ton, over Sunday.

Nearly a foot of snow fell, Mon-
day of last week.

Bessie Seale and Mertie Brooks
visited Mrs. Floyd Seale, New
Years.

The Circle met with Mrs. A. W.
Farrar, last week; the next meet-
ing will be at Mrs. A. F. Brooks',
Wednesday, Jan. 24.

DENMARK.

A. H. Witham is quite poorly.

Mrs. Edward Higgins is quite
sick.

Charley Pingree returned to his
school at Northfield, Mass., Jan. 2.
Gilbert Warren was taken to the
Insane Asylum at Augusta, last
week, as he seemed to be growing
worse.

Mr. E. C. Ryder of Brownville, is
in town, Wednesday, Jan. 10,
he intends to take as a life partner,
Miss Louise Colby.

Mrs. A. B. Ordway was taken
very suddenly ill Thursday noon.
Her daughter from Harrison, came
home Thursday night.

HANOVER.

Gene Twitchell is supplying the
market with fish.

There was a New Year's ball at
the hall Thursday night.

C. F. Saunders is attending
school at Gould's Academy.

A. T. Powers and wife went to
Norway to attend the Pomona
Grange, and returned Wednesday.

FLY 30 YARDS!
Sight 200 yds. or
more and you
will find you
are not only
a great shot,
but a great
hunter. Buy
a pair of
M. & W. NOVELTY CO., 20
Baxter Building, Portland, Me.

Christmas Goods ..
Galore
At Hastings Bros'.

Our Christmas counters are brim full of things to please the ladies, and
we earnestly invite your inspection.

LAMPS.

Table Lamps, Hall Lamps, Hanging Lamps, Banquet
Lamps and Lamps of every kind and description.

CHINA.

Fancy Cup and Saucers, Plates, Bon-Bon Dishes, Pitchers
Fruit Plates, etc.

GLASS WARE, JARDINIERS, and a host of things that we can't men-
tion, but will be glad to show you when you come in.

Hastings Bros., OPPOSITE
POST
OFFICE.

Bargains in Wall Papers

Paints, Oils and all
Painters' Supplies.

Sporting Goods, Tobacco,
Pipes and Cigars.

FOR BILIOUSNESS AND CONSTIPATION,

Wiley's LIVER GRANULES

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS,

WILEY'S WHITE LIME AND TAR SYRUP.

FOR HOARSENESS AND BRONCHIAL IRRITATION,

Wiley's Bronchial Lozengers.

FOR HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA,

Wiley's Quick Cure Headache Powders.

Wiley's Drug Store.

Flour
Grain
and Feed are our
Specialties

—But we have a large line of—

Groceries, Provisions, Lime, Plaster
and Cement.

WOODBURY & PURINGTON.

BIGGLE BOOKS

A Farm Library of unequalled value—Practical,
Up-to-date, Concise and Comprehensive—Hand-
somer Printed and Beautifully Illustrated.

By JACOB BIGGLE

No. 1—BIGGLE HORSE BOOK
All about Horses—A Common-Sense Treatise, with over
74 illustrations in standard work. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 2—BIGGLE BERRY BOOK
All about growing Small Fruits—read and learn how
contains 42 colored life-like reproductions of all leading
varieties and too other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 3—BIGGLE POULTRY BOOK
All about Poultry: the best Poultry Book in existence.
tells everything; with 233 colored life-like reproductions
of all the principal breeds; with 105 other illustrations.
Price, 50 Cents.

No. 4—BIGGLE COW BOOK
All about Cows and the Dairy Business; having a great
sale; contains 8 colored life-like reproductions of each
breed, with 122 other illustrations. Price, 50 Cents.

No. 5—BIGGLE SWINE BOOK
Just out. All about Hogs—Breeding, Feeding, Butch-
ery, Diseases, etc. Contains over 80 beautiful half-
tones and other engravings. Price, 50 Cents.

The BIGGLE BOOKS are unique, original, useful—you never
saw anything like them—so practical, so sensible. They
are having an enormous sale—East, West, North and
South. Every one who keeps a Horse, Cow, Hog or
Chicken, or grows Small Fruits, ought to send right
away for the BIGGLE BOOKS. The

FARM JOURNAL

Is your paper, made for you and not a misfit. It is 22 years
old; it is the great booted-down, hit-the-nail-on-the-head,
quit-after-you-have-said-it, Farm and Household paper in
the world—the biggest paper of its size in the United States
of America—having over a million and a half regular readers.

Any ONE of the BIGGLE BOOKS, and the FARM JOURNAL
8 YEARS (remainder of 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903) will be sent by mail
to any address for A DOLLAR BILL.

Sample of FARM JOURNAL and circular describing BIGGLE BOOKS free.

WILMER ATKINSON. Addrs., FARM JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA
CHAS. F. JENKINS.

Classified Advertisements.

Small Advertisements under the head of Wanted, For Sale, etc., set solid without display.

30 words, 1 week, - 25c
3 weeks, - 50c

Extra space pro rata.
Average six words a line.

FOR SALE

Grocery and Provision Business in Norway.

Small, clean stock,
Fixtures and team.

Good chance for a live man with small capital.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE

Apply to
F. H. Noyes, Assignee, Norway, Me.

FIRE ENGINE FOR SALE.

In perfect condition and of best material and workmanship. Has double cylinder and pumps capable of throwing two streams of water 50 ft. from 1 1/2 in. nozzle. With engine goes 24 ft. 4 in. suction hose, 4 nozzles from 1 1/2 in. down to 1 in., 1 wrought iron hose cart with tool box and friction roller—capacity, 500 ft. of 2 1/2 in. hose. For further particulars, address James B. Perkins, Berlin Mills Co., Berlin, N. H.

For Sale.

One mare, nine years old, weighs 1000 pounds, all sound and a first-class driver. Inquire of S. C. Bartlett, Bethel, Me.

Wanted.

A front room, furnished or unfurnished. 20tf Box 354, Bethel.

Wanted.

The names of 1000 people who do not take the News. Which one of our subscribers will be the first to send us five.

FOR SALE.

The Kelliber house and lot located at the corner of Church and Railroad streets in Bethel Hill Village. To be sold at a bargain. Call or communicate with
HERBICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

Lost.

A cane, on the Grand Trunk train, Dec. 20th. The finder will please return the same to me and be generously rewarded. E. D. Cole, Berlin, N. H.

Lost.

Purse containing sum of money and several rings. Finder please leave at the News office and receive reward.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

TRAINS FROM ISLAND POND TO PORTLAND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Island Pond,	2.40	6.00	1.18
Gorham,	4.35	8.25	2.57
Gilead,	5.02	8.40	3.15
West Bethel,	5.14	8.50	3.20

BETHEL, 5.24 9.04 3.33

Loe's Mills,	5.30	9.13	3.42
Bryant Pond,	5.45	9.21	3.50
South Paris,	6.17	9.53	4.19
Portland,	8.10	11.30	5.45

TRAINS FROM PORTLAND TO ISLAND POND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

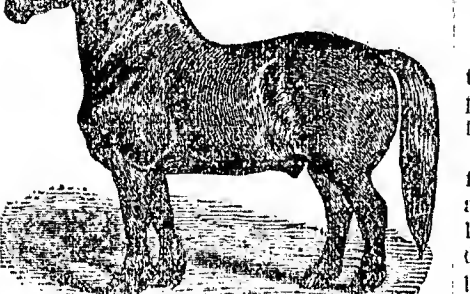
	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Portland,	6.00	1.30	8.10
South Paris,	7.58	3.38	9.53
Bryant Pond,	8.35	4.18	10.23
Loe's Mills,	8.45	4.27	10.30

BETHEL, 9.00 4.38 10.39

West Bethel,	9.10	4.46	10.47
Gilead,	9.24	4.59	10.58
Gorham,	10.00	5.12	11.26
Island Pond,	12.20	8.00	1.18

Sunday paper train leaves Portland going west at 8.30 a. m., South Paris 10.10, Bryant Pond 10.51, Loe's Mills 10.59, Bethel 11.10, West Bethel 11.20, Gilead 11.34, Gorham 12.00, arriving in Berlin 12.15.

The train which leaves Island Pond at 2.40 a. m., and the one which leaves Portland at 6.00 p. m., run every day; all others every day except Sunday.



I wish to say to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I have opened a Sale Stable at my place in Bethel, and will keep a large stock of horses, weighing from 1000 to 1600 each, constantly on hand. If you need a good horse, come to me and I will please you.

L. U. BARTLETT,
BETHEL, MAINE.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Our Young Readers

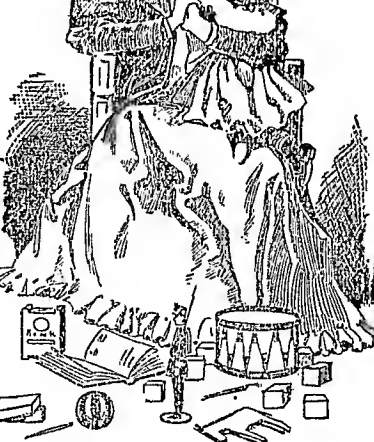
Lovin' Time.

Oh, the daytime's good for playtime,
An the nighttime's good for rest,
But just between the two there comes
The time I love the best!

Then mother takes the rocking chair,
An in her lap I climb
An put my arms around her neck,
'Cause that's our lovin' time.

I tell her all my troubles
An all my secrets, too,
For she never laughs at me or nags
Like some boys' mothers do.

But if I've been good we're happy,
An if I've been bad I'm bound
To tell her all about it
When our lovin' time comes round.



An sometimes I get thinkin'
That maybe, after all,
I'd rather be a little chap
Than grow up big an tall.

For then I couldn't snuggle down
In mother's lap like this
Or tell her all that bothered me;
There's lots of things I'd miss.

I'd have to go up stairs alone,
An things would not seem right
If mother didn't hear my prayers
An tuck the covers tight.

I'd miss our happy twilight talks,
For then I couldn't climb
Up in her lap; but most of all
I'd miss our lovin' time.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

True Gentlemen.

"I beg your pardon!" And with a smile and a touch of his hat Harry Edmon handed to an old man against whom he had accidentally stumbled the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys."

"I'm glad to hear it." And lifting his hat again Harry turned to join his playmates.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked Charlie Gray. "He is old Giles, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one, and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or hawks vegetables through the streets."

A Handkerchief Trick.

To perform a simple trick you will need a round stick, about 12 or 18 inches long. Insert a needle in one end of it, so that about three-quarters of the pointed end projects. Hold the stick upright and throw a handkerchief on to it so that the center nighties on the uppermost end where the needle is. When the stick is twisted rapidly between the palms of the hand, the handkerchief will stand out as if it were a piece of card, and, as the needle does not show, you can pretend that the handkerchief adheres owing to the magnetism of the stick.

Never.

Children are sometimes tired of being told what to do. An exchange offers this brief list of things not to do:

Never make fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly upon the aged head.

Never tell or listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat or be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody else calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully, kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Eve's Apple Tree.

Among the other strange things in the island of Ceylon is the "Eve's apple tree," or "the forbidden fruit," the flowers of which have a fine scent.

The color of the fruit, which hangs from the branches in a very peculiar and striking manner, is very beautiful, being orange on the outside and a deep crimson within. The fruit itself presents the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This circumstance, together with the fact of its being a deadly poison, led the Mohammedans on their first discovery of Ceylon, which they assigned as the site of paradise, to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden, for, although the finest and most tempting in appearance of any, it had been impressed, such was their idea, with the mark of Eve's having bitten it, with the mark of man's having bitten it, with the mark of man's having bitten it, with the mark of man's having bitten it.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Stomach Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

Tickling Straws.

HEREDITARY GARMENTS.

Tommy—Pop, what is the meaning of "hereditary?"

Tommy's Father—Anything that descends from father to son.

Tommy—Then your old clothes that ma makes over for me are hereditary, ain't they?—Philadelphia Record.

AS FAR AS SHE WOULD TRUST HIM.

"Madam, you can't carry your umbrella that baby and bandbox, and hold your dress up. Let me assist you by carrying the bandbox."

"No; that's got my new hat in it; you carry the baby."—Chicago Record.

ANTICIPATIONS.

The Minister—Well, Willie, what do you expect Santa Claus is going to bring you this year?

Willie—Oh, a lot of things that ma needs around the house.—Chicago Times-Herald.

BREAKFAST.

Landlady—Well, Mr. McGinnis, I hope you had something you liked for breakfast this morning.

Boarder—Yes indeed, Mrs. Irons. I had a magnificent appetite.—Chicago Tribune.

HE CAME.

An old man, bent and decrepit with his years, knocked at the door of a mansion whose ivied walls attested its antiquity.

"Did you call a messenger boy?" he asked when the door was opened.—Detroit Journal.

SURPRISED THE LAWYER.

Lawyer Corpus—The testimony of those two experts was a great surprise.

Lawyer Habeas—Wasn't it though. First time I ever knew two of them to agree.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Miss Oldmayde—Charley Light-

waite says that he is deeply in love with me.

Miss Caustique—Nonsense! Charley Lightwaite is too shallow to be deeply in love with anybody!—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Jimson—I understand that the

Klug of Madagascar is entirely without funds.

Penniless—Is that so? Well, now I understand how it is to feel like a king.—Baltimore News.

"Poor Samuel spent his Thanks-

giving Day at Manila; it made me sad."

"Was he so fond of home?"

"Yes; and we could never roast a turkey to suit him."—Indianapolis Journal.

What is the longest day you

ever knew?"

"This one," she replied, without even making an effort to conceal her yawn.—Chicago Post.

"I am writing for posterity,"

said the poet.

"And I am taking in plain sewing for a living, said the poet's soulless wife.—Chicago Times.

"Her father has told me never

to enter his house again and never to speak to her again in the future, no matter where we may meet."

"When does the wedding take place?"

A friend in need is said to be a

friend indeed, but that is no reason why one should throw overboard the friend who wants nothing.—Galveston News.

Sillies—She is a finished artist.

Cynicus—Glad to hear it. I was afraid she was going to sing again.—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?

Smart Scholar—He has cold feet, ma'am.—Boston Christian Register.

Miss Gabby (to clerk)—I would like to buy a yardstick about two feet long. The one I have is so unhandy.—Baltimore American.

"Does your wife love pets?"

"Absorbingly. I never go home but I find her in one."—Boston Courier.

HE THRASHED THE PRINCE.

He Gave the Youngster a "Licking" and Gained a Lifelong Friend.

The average boy thinks himself lucky if he comes out victor in a fight with just any boy of about his own age and size, says the Chicago Record. And it is only once in awhile that a juvenile warrior really distinguishes himself as James Miller of Oakland, Cal., did when he thrashed the Prince of Wales. As Mr. Miller tells the story, the young prince was pretty generally battered up and thoroughly "licked." This is the story, as told by Mr. Miller:

"At that time I was visiting my uncle, who lived in old Porto Bolo, the famous little Scottish pottery town on the south coast, on the Firth of Forth. One day I was riding out on a donkey, and the young prince was walking. When we chanced to meet, and trouble followed. The prince approached me and, catching me by the leg, pulled me from the saddle. In those days I was a fighter, and before the youngster knew just what struck him I had landed some good left swings, and he was all but out when his tutor, who accompanied him, came to his rescue. I cannot deny that the prince got the first fall when he pulled me from the donkey, but all the rest of the honors were easily mine. It is not of record just what happened to me after it was all over, but I have just a hazy recollection of a meeting with my aged uncle that ended in disaster for me.

"That fight made the Prince of Wales my friend for life. Long after that meeting in boyhood he happened to learn that I was in need of financial aid, and he lost no time in sending me a check for a princely sum."

Don't fight unless you have a real prize to battle with, and you will relieve your mother from much anxiety and save yourself some humiliating experiences.

Sweet Voices.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice, but it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start it in the right tone, and while at play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart.

But this is the time when a sharp voice is more apt to be acquired. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, almost like the snap of a whip. If any of them get vexed, you hear a voice which sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark.

Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in tone than in words. It is often in words that one gets a voice or a tone which is sharp and which sticks to him through life and stirs up ill will and grief and falls like a drop of gall on the listener. Some people have a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. We would say to all girls and boys, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to the heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

Teacher—Johnny, you may define

the first person.

Johnny—Adam.—Brooklyn Life.

"Mamma, is it because God goes

to the seashore in summer that our church is closed?"—Brooklyn Life.

"Young man," asked the proprietor

of the store, who was unking the rounds of the various departments, "how can you afford to dress so elaborately and expensively on the salary we pay you?"

"I can't," gloomily answered the salesman. "I ought to have more salary."—Chicago Tribune.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

TRY THE

"NEW HOME" SEWING MACHINE.

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and their prices before you purchase any other.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.,

ORANGE, MASS.

25 Union Square, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo. Dallas, Texas. San Francisco, Cal. Atlanta, Ga.

FOR SALE BY

Maine's Greatest Store

IT WILL PAY YOU

large returns upon your investment if you will come to Portland during

OUR GREAT ANNUAL SALE

which will open Next Monday, Jan. 8 and continue during the week.

This is not a sale of old goods which have lost in value but is a sale of desirable merchandise which we hold each year during the dull season—to stimulate business and to keep the fact impressed upon your minds that this is Maine's Greatest Store and that we always lead the way in supplying all the needs of house furnishing.

YOU WILL FIND BARGAINS BY THE HUNDRED HERE, nevertheless, and we hope to welcome you next week.

We Pay the Freight.

Oren Hooper's Sons

PORTLAND, ME.

GONE UP ::

January 1st, 1900 the

prices on all Elgin and Waltham Watches advanced 10 per cent. My stock that I purchased before the rise I will sell at the old prices. If you are in need of a watch, now is your chance to buy and save money.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

EDW. KING,
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

I have the largest and best

Stocked Country Store in the County. Come and see for yourself and get prices on our fall and winter supplies.

I Buy Potatoes, Apples, Butter, Poultry,

Wool, Hops, Beans, Round Hogs. Cash paid for all kinds of Furs.

T. H. Burgess, Rumford Center, Me.

PIANOS : : AND ORGANS

The most complete stock of Pianos, Organs, Stools, Sewing and Instruction Books ever had. Ivers & Pond Behr Bros., Merrill, Estey and Prescott Pianos. : : : : Estey, Carpenter, Packard and Wilcox & White Organs, all in stock. Illustrated catalogues of all these instruments sent upon application. Instruments sold on easy monthly terms.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.,

Billings' Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

QUAKER RANGE

Will take a twenty-four inch stick of wood. Full size Fire Box.

SOLD BY

G. & J. B. ROBERTS,

HANOVER, MAINE.

THE NEWS

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Oren Hooper's Sons,
Eastman Brothers & Baneroff,
Blue Store,
News Print,
L. B. Andrews,
Edward King.

New Wants, To Let, For Sale, Lost, Found
and similar advertisements will be found on
page 7.
Business Cards on page 6.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1900.

T. F. FOSS
& SONS

There are a
thousand and one
things which we keep
which we cannot
mention,
but we do
want to call
your attention
to our

CARVING
SETS**

All kinds and prices at
exceptional bargains.

COR. CONGRESS & PREBLE STS.
PORTLAND

New
York
Tri-Weekly A DAILY
Tribune

A new and remarkably attractive pub-
lication, profusely illustrated with por-
traits and half tones containing all the
striking news features of the Daily
Tribune. Special War Despatches, Dom-
estic and Foreign Correspondence,
Short Stories, Humorous Illustrations,
Industrial Information, Fashion Notes,
Agricultural Matters carefully treated,
and Comprehensive and Reliable Finan-
cial and Market Reports. It is mailed
at same hour as the daily edition,
reaches a large proportion of subscrib-
ers on date of issue, and the edition is
a thoroughly up-to-date family news-
paper for busy people.

Regular subscription price,
\$1.50 PER YEAR.

We furnish it with the News for

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

Send all orders to the NEWS,
Bethel, Me.

We Take
Stock

In January, therefore we
must reduce our stock, and cer-
tain departments call for a cut in
prices to quicken results.

For instance, there are some of
our most desirable garments that
are unsold in some sizes.

They are made of all wool ker-
sey and lined throughout with
silk. They sold for \$15.00 and
they were considered cheap.

We have marked them to close
at \$9.98. \$4.98 will buy our
\$8.75 Jackets. From \$2 to \$3
will buy one of our Children's
Jackets.

Fine Dress
Patterns

must also go. Any of our dress
patterns that have sold at \$1.00
per yard. Now 75c.

There are many kinds of Dress
Goods we are selling at 12½c, 19c,
25c, 37½c and 50c that will please
you.

Thomas Smiley,
NORWAY, ME.

WEST BETHEL.

"The New Year come! The Old Year gone!
Soon all the years of earth shall end;
Where new and old shall be as one
Eternal years their joys shall lend.

The New Year come! Its pathway lies
Hid by the mists of days unknown;
Hid by the mists of days unknown;
Faith sees bright stars illumine its skies,
Hope bids each heart arise, press on!
The Old Year gone! The New Year come!
Thus speed the years till pathways blend,
Till old and new greet lusty dawn
Of fadeless day, where time shall end."

John Wight of So. Paris, is vis-
iting in town this week.

Lysander Ordway has been quite
unwell for two weeks.

LoRoy Brackett has been off
from work two weeks with a felon
on his hand.

Albert W. Grover and wife of
Bethel Hill, were in this place Sun-
day afternoon.

A traveling preacher, whose
name we have not learned, occupied
the pulpit in Union Church, on
Sunday last.

Mrs. Hattie Grover has gone to
North Bethel to do dressmaking
for a week or two, and her hus-
band is living alone.

Charles Morrill and wife of Hal-
ifax, Mass., are visiting relatives
in this village and vicinity.

The store of M. Holt & Co. is be-
ing filled with new goods, and Mr.
Kimball is ready to attend to all
who give him a call.

Business is quite lively around
the railway station, many cars be-
ing loaded with dry hard wood for
the Lewiston market, and poplar,
for the Yarmouth paper mill.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 13,
the pupils of the West Bethel
school, and their friends will give
an entertainment and social at
Bean's hall. Admission, 10c. All
are invited.

If it takes four men with eight
horses three days to break the
roads of West Bethel, after a light
storm as that of the 1st inst.,
which made no large drifts, what
will it cost to keep all the roads in
town open for the next eight weeks?
For an answer to this question, go
to Odeon Hall on March 5, and lis-
ten to the reports.

Having a Great Run on Chamber-
lain's Cough Remedy.

Manager Martin, of the Pierson
drug store, informs us that he is
having a great run on Chamber-
lain's Cough Remedy. He sells
five bottles of that medicine to one
of any other kind, and it gives
great satisfaction. In these days
of la grippe there is nothing like
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to
stop the cough, heal up the sore
throat and lungs and give relief
within a very short time. The
sales are growing, and all who try
it are pleased with its prompt
action.—South Chicago Daily
Tribune.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel,
A. S. Bean, W. Bethel, W. L. Crook-
ett, Locke Mills, J. W. Bennett, Gil-
ead, A. R. Small & Son, Bryant Pond.

NEWRY CORNER.

"Just hour by hour, and day by day,
And year by year, and this is the way
We live; and there is no creed
That serves us in our daily need,
Better than this: to live our true
Own lives as God would have us do."

The late snows are welcomed by
all.

Colds are prevailing here. Mr.
and Mrs. Ephraim Bryant are
thus afflicted.

The "Whole Duty of Man" was
the subject of Sunday's discourse
by Rev. O. L. Stone; the ten
commandments may be considered
the text.

New Year's evening saw a mer-
ry party gathered at Bisbee Hall.
Good music, an excellent order of
dances, refreshments of cake and
coffee served to while away the
hours. The going home was diffi-
cult; indeed some did not reach
there until the next day.

Providence does not seem to
smile on Pound Parties, as our
third had neither the best of weather
or traveling, but a pleasant lit-
tle company of old and young met
on Wednesday evening at the par-
sonage. It was our first visit
there, and we decided that one
might go far and not find a more
cozy home. We had a cordial wel-
come from Mr. and Mrs. Stone.
Music enlivened the evening. An-
nie Doherty gave a pretty song.
Various packages were left as me-
morial of the occasion.

Adelbert Smith came out from
his camp at Audover, and pur-
chased a horse at Bethel, for work;
his partner, Joseph Gaudet, also
purchased another at Norway.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascara Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c.
If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

SOUTH PARIS.

Good sleighing and everyone en-
joying it.

Mr. Fred Coffin spent Sunday in
Auburn.

Miss Eva Robinson is working
for Mrs. Fred Tribou.

A. C. Richards, who has been on
the sick list is able to be out again.

Last week the mercury indicated
20° below zero, a number of days.

Mr. John Yates of Bethel, has
moved his family into one of Hiram
Pulsifer's rents on Pleasant St.

The next meeting of the Ladies'
Whist-Club will be held Jan. 10, at
the home of Mrs. Herbert Fletcher.

The Wm. K. Kimball Post and
W. S. R. C. installed their officers
Thursday evening in G. A. R. hall.

Capt. H. N. Bolster and Mrs. O. G.
Curtis were the installing officers.

The annual meeting and roll-
call of the Congregational church
was held Tuesday evening. Capt.
H. N. Bolster was elected deacon;
T. S. Barnes, superintendent of the
Sunday school; N. D. Bolster,
clerk; Edwin Hackett, treasurer.
The church has 190 members.

The other day, I heard a woman
say, "Why don't some of our de-
alers advertise in some way besides
on calendars? My house is over-
run with them. For instance, if
some of them would come the first
of January, open your door, and
throw in a good work apron with
their advertisement across the
bottom, we would know just what
to do with them. If half of my
calendars for this year were aprons,
I should have a dozen to begin the
new year with, and no sensible
woman would object to that."

MIDDLE INTERVAL.

Mrs. Angie Stearns is visiting
at Joseph Holt's.

Will Farwell discontinued his
milk route last Saturday.

Anna Bell Kimball returned to
Mrs. E. P. Kimball's last week.

Mr. Burgess is falling some, and
the past few days has had quite a
sick spell.

Maria Valentine has gone to
Mr. Tyler's at North West Bethel
to work and attend school.

Our Sabbath school and C. E.
meetings, though small are en-
joyed by those who attend them,
and we would like to see more present.

Colds have been very prevalent;
most of the children around here
have been, and some are now, sick
and quite a number of the schol-
ars are absent for that reason.

GROVER HILL.

"Through all the night midwinter's
morn is beaming,
Through cold resplendent skies,
Beneath full boughs that glimmer in
my dreaming;
June's leafy shadow lies."

Hard sleighing since the last
snow fall.

Bad colds among the school
children.

Albert Whitman is cutting wood
for Peter Wheeler.

Gwendolyn Stearns is embroid-
ering some very pretty doilies.

We recently saw some very fine
doilies which Mrs. J. B. Peaslee
knit.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Wilson
were recent guests at A. B. Grov-
er's.

MILTON PLANTATION.

Mrs. Will Brooks went to Nor-
way, Saturday, on a few days' visit.

Alice Lovejoy began her school
Monday, on the Isthmus in Ram-
ford.

Benjamin Sweet of So. Pa. is
visited his brother, D. C. Sweet,
Sunday.

Mrs. Clifford and Mrs. Beattie
of Locke Mills, made Mrs. Lapham a
call, Sunday.

Mr. Coffin is around on his annu-
al tour, drumming the farmers for
sweet corn another season.

Mrs. George Jackson, who has
been visiting at C. E. Jackson's re-
turned to West Paris Saturday.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-
netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No. 7.
Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men
strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-
teed. Booklet and sample free. Address
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

MASON.

Fred Wheeler of Bethel, was in
town Sunday.

C. F. Brown is hauling cord
wood to West Bethel.

Moses Mason of Albany was in
town one day last week.

Eli Grover is working for E. P.
Grover of West Bethel.

Elden Mills has gone to Norway
to work for E. K. Morrill.

Fred McLeod and wife of Al-
bany were in town Sunday.

S. O. Grover is hauling pulp
wood to West Bethel for Addison
Bean.

Fred McLeod of Albany, was in
town one day last week for a load
of lumber.

Eight degrees below zero, Thurs-
day morning and 11° below, Fri-
day morning.

Walter Strickland, Peter Smith
of Lewiston, and Vibert Mills are
cutting cord wood for C. F. Brown.

One of George Leighton's teams
broke into the pond while break-
ing out his main road one day last
week.

Mrs. Adelaide Scribner, wife of
Joseph Scribner of Albany, was
buried in Pine Grove cemetery in
this town, Saturday.

Geo. Briggs of Albany, was in
town Sunday. Walter Strickland
and wife, who have been staying
at S. O. Grover's, went back with
him in the afternoon.

Chas. B. Lovejoy, formerly of
this town, but who has been living
in Aroostook county for a number
of years, is staying, at present, at
Daniel Morrill's.

G. B. Mills got quite a severe
cut in his arm while pushing on a
tree which he and his nephew,
Will Mills, were cutting down.
The wound required five stitches.

BROWNFIELD.

Mr. Charles W. Harmon has fin-
ished his season's work for the B.
& M. railroad, and is at home for
the winter.

A. F. Lewis, Esq. of Fryeburg,
was in town last week, on insur-
ance business. Mr. Lewis intends
to visit Cuba this winter, leaving
home about the 20th.

Mr. Horace E. Chamberlain died
at West Brownfield at the home of
his brother, on the 3rd inst., aged
48 years, 8 months, 2 days. The
burial was at the village cemetery,
Jan. 7.

Mr. P. J. Masterlon, marble
worker, from Conway Centre,
N. H., was in town last week, to
complete a job of work for Albert
Blake, who has placed a nice monu-
ment in his cemetery lot.

The telephone line from Brown-
field to Fryeburg is now finished,
giving us telephone connection
with all the adjoining towns. Mr.
Thomas Harmon had a telephone
instrument placed in his house,
making twenty-five instruments in
use here.

Installation of officers was held
in the following lodges and Post
during the past week:

Daniel A. Bean Post, G. A. R.,
on the 1st, as follows:

Com.—Sidney W. Rowe.
Sr. V. Com.—Frank Poor.
Jr. V. Com.—A. Jordan.

Chap.—Rev. Burton Clough.
Q. M.—Thomas Seavey.
Adj. T.—James S. Hunt.

O. D.—Wm. C. Rowe.
Surg.—Geo. W. Lewis.
O. Guard.—John Stuart.

I. G.—William Norton.
O. G.—Daniel B. Boynton.
Sergt. Maj.—Samuel Warren.

Q. M. Sergt.—Henry Day.
Mr. James R. Stone, Post com-
mander was installing officer.

Regular Post meetings on the first
and third Monday of each month,
at 2:30 p. m.

Poquonket Lodge, No. 46, I. O. O. F.,
had installation of officers on the
5th inst.

N. G.—Charles Linscott,
V. G.—S. N. Adams.
Rec. Sec.—J. L. Frink.

Financial Sec.—James B. Hill.
Treas.—Samuel Warren.
Lodge meetings every Friday
evening at 7 o'clock.

Pearl Rebekah Lodge, 90, on the
2nd inst., installed the following
officers:

N. G.—Mrs. Irving Hodsdon.
V. G.—Mrs. Granville Mansfield.
Rec. Sec.—Miss Blanche Bean.
Fin. Sec.—Miss Susie Leavitt.
Treas.—Mrs. Albert Blake.

Regular meetings of the Lodge,
first and third Tuesday of each
month.

..BLUE STORE..

OUR USUAL
JANUARY MARK DOWN SALE.

Our prices were low enough before, but in this sale
they will be less than they can be bought for to-day.

MEN'S WOOL SUITS, \$4 \$6 \$8

MEN'S OVERCOATS, \$4 \$6 \$8

BARGAINS IN BLACK WORSTED

SUITS AT \$7.50 \$10 \$13

BOYS' & YOUTHS' SUITS, TOP

COATS, ULSTERS AND REEF-
ERS AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

MEN'S REEFERS,

ULSTERS, FUR COATS, CANVAS COATS

ODD PANTS, FUR CAPS, ETC., ETC.,

AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

Come and see us, we will be glad to
show you, and can save you money.

F. H. NOYES, NORWAY

Sleighs for Sale.

I have eight nice new sleighs that I
will sell at a bargain. Anyone in need
of a sleigh should see them.

F. C. BARTLETT,
Bethel, Me.

FOUNTAIN PEN.

We must have the people pretty
well supplied with fountain pens
by the way we have put them out
for the past two years, but we have
a few more and here they go.
Bethel News one year and one of
the best fountain pens on the mar-
ket for \$1.98. This applies to new
advance subscriptions and renew-
als. We have a limited number
of these, so remember that "The
first come will be first served."

Washing Milk Pails.

It is always important to wash milk
pails as soon as possible after their con-
tents are emptied. If left to stand two
or three hours, some of the milk dries
on the wooden pail, and then the more
hot water is put on it the closer it
sticks. Always wash milk pails first
with cold water to remove the particles
of milk and then scald with hot water
to destroy any germs that may remain.

1,000,000 GIVEN AWAY.

By a special and particular arrange-
ment with the manufacturers of Dr.
David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,
free trial bottles of this great medicine
for the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and
Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and
Constipation, will be sent absolutely
free, postpaid, to all persons suffering
from any of the diseases mentioned
above who will send their full name
and post office address to the DR.
DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION,
Rondout, N. Y., providing they men-
tion this paper when they write.

A very simple test to determine
whether your Kidneys or Bladder are
diseased is to put some of your urine in
a glass tumbler and let it stand 24
hours; if it has a sediment or a cloudy,
ropy or stringy appearance, if it is pale
or discolored, you do not need a phy-
sician to tell you that you are in a
dangerous condition. Dr. David Ken-
nedy's Favorite Remedy speedily cures
such serious symptoms as a pain in the
back, inability to hold urine, a burning
scalding pain in passing it. Frequent
desire to urinate especially at night,
the stinging of linen by your urine and
all unpleasant and dangerous effects
produced on the system by the use of
whiskey and beer.

By a searching investigation it was
found that over 91 per cent of the
people who sent for a sample bottle
were so much benefited by its use that
they purchased a large sized bottle of
their druggist, which in most cases
cured them, while in some rare in-
stances it took as many as two or even
three bottles to effect a permanent cure.
Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Rem-
edy is sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per
large bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00.

FIRE INSURANCE

Agents for twenty five leading insurance
companies. All kinds of insurance placed on
favorable terms.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.,
Billings' Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

It pays to buy at Foster's.

It pays to buy at Foster's.

DAYLIGHT IS SURE.

It is the light that never fails, that can be depended upon three hun-
dred and sixty-five days in the year, but it's no more sure than our cloth-
ing. It's good all the time, every day in the year, and at prices that won't
pull hard on your purse. Good serviceable suits, several shades, for \$5.
Extra good values in suits from \$6 to \$7.50. All wool, fast black worsted
suits for \$10. An extra heavy blue ulster for \$5. A good warm black
freize ulster \$6.50, others up to \$12. Always your money's worth.

Money Back if not Satisfied.

H. B. FOSTER,
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, ME

It pays to buy at Foster's.

It pays to buy at Foster's.